
THE
CYPRIOTS;

OR,

A MINIATURE OF EUROPE

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MINSTREL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER XXI.

FINDING few things worthy his attention at Lerma, Calliades, after a short stay, quitted that place, and arrived at Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, which is situated amongst the *Cantabrian* mountains, and on the river *Ar-lanza*, from whence he took his departure for Marinda. He found the road which crosses the vast chain of the *Cantabrian* hills beyond conception frightful and dangerous; and in his descent down the steep and slippery paths, which ran along the most tremendous precipices, he reflected upon that consum-

mate wisdom and goodness which hath assigned to every climate animals peculiarly adapted to the exigency of its inhabitants. Under the fervid sun of Asia the slow, but strong and unheated elephant bears firmly, and unfatigued, from place to place, his nerveless and panting lords, with their whole families. Through the burning and dry deserts of Africa the tall camel stalks with the caravan unthirsty, nature having provided him with a stomachic reservoir, where he hoards the water for an occasional supply: and in the mountainous countries, particularly Spain, which is peculiarly mountainous, is found the seemingly stupid, but sure-footed ass, which is frequently improved into the mule, but which, either in its natural or improved state, descends cautiously with sober, plodding steps, unhurried by the impatient blows of its less-sagacious rider, the rocky and precipitous paths, nor will advance one foot till he is assured of its safety; casting about in suspicious places its heavy, yet reflective eyes; pricking up its long ears, as if, by catching every sound they are so well formed to accumulate, it sought intelligence; and

and calling in the farther information of its acute olfactory nerves, by which it detects the path when hidden by the snow. Persuaded of its infallible instinctive sagacity, Calliades never ventured to oppose, to the decisions of the mule he rode, his own fallible reason; but, laying the bridle on its neck, committed himself to its guidance, and never in any instance had reason to repent the confidence.

Our Cypriot staid but a short time at Marinda, and here he passed the river Ebro, or, as it was antiently called, Iberus, which, though here but an inconsiderable stream, was interesting in the eye of Calliades, when he recollected that from it Spain derived its antient name, Iberia. Ascending a tremendous mountain, which divides Castile from Biscay, called the Old Mountain, he passed the night in a solitary lodging house on its top, and in the morning walked round its summit to enjoy the magnificent scenery its immense height commanded. Looking back on the way he came, the mountains he had passed with such labour seemed dwindled into insignificant hills, and the fruitful plains

of Castile meandered under his eye in all the pride of vegetation. On either hand, in wild irregularity, the Pyrennees lifted their forest-crowned heads, mountain behind mountain, "in endless perspective." Beneath him opened the beautiful plain of Ordunna, through which the river of that name, rising in the mountain on which he stood, tumbles its foaming wave over the obstructing rocks, forming innumerable cataracts till it reaches Bilboa, where, rolling in a quieter channel, the navigable stream bears on its broad bosom the merchandises of Biscay to the ocean.

The descent of this hill was dreadful. After some time pursuing a zig-zag path, which ran along the edge of the most frightful precipices, our traveller with his suite entered a pass, about 10 feet wide and 200 long, which had been cut through the solid rock by the Romans; the marble walls of this singular avenue ascending 30 feet perpendicularly on each side. From this pass another steep descent began by another zig-zag path, and running by the edge of a precipice. By degrees the path enlarged, the descent became less steep; with wearied steps they

they at last reached the stony plain, and rejoiced on entering the hospitable walls of Ordunna.

Though the abode of Calliades was very transient at Ordunna, it was many days ere he reached Bilboa, though but at twenty-four miles distance, so enchanted was he with the delightful valley through which the road ran. The noisy impatience of the perpetually-interrupted stream, raving over the rocks, and foaming in a thousand beautiful cascades; the lively verdure of the herbage, decked with aquatic flowers of every hue; the gentle slope of the hills, broke into an endless variety of forms; their sides diversified with vineyards, orchards, and corn fields, hanging over each other; their tops, thick forests waving on the summits of some, the bare and ragged rocks of others, piercing the clouds; the cheerful village pouring out its harmless inhabitants to sport in innocent society on the emerald plain; the lonely cottager in his little enclosure, planting his ligumes, or pruning his vine or olive trees, and conducting by his spade a little rill to the feet of his plants; while his sun-burnt

confort, and her robust progeny, tend the little flock of sheep or goats which gambolled in the valley.

These scenes possessed such inexhaustible charms for Calliades, that he lingered at every step, felt inexpressible regret when he reached the last village of this terrestrial paradise, and entered the posado with a determination to rest himself there some days, ere he bade a final adieu to the beauties of the vale.

The posado was pleasantly situated, but the house of the parish priest was abundantly more so, and our hero called upon him as he returned from his evening walk: he found himself received with more of benevolence than ceremony; was introduced to the widowed sister of the priest and her two daughters; and the conversation becoming general, it exhibited much more unaffected cheerfulness, and native good sense, than of learning on the part of the priest, or refinement on that of the females. Calliades, however, was so well pleased with his visit, that he did not hesitate to promise, on the pressing invitation

of father Gregory, a repetition of it the next morning.

The next morning, and several succeeding ones, saw the Cypriot at the door of father Gregory's humble dwelling, and becoming its inmate for the day. He found the garrulity of the priest entertaining, the manners of his sister obliging, and the innocent and playful conversation of the young ones infinitely pleasing. But our youthful hero had not many days repeated his visits ere he discovered in the eldest of the girls an attention so tender towards himself, as left him little reason to doubt the influence he had unintentionally acquired in her artless bosom. She was a lively, pretty, though rather coarse brunette; and a man, less governed by honour, would have found much amusement in coquetting with her. Calliades was by no means insensible to the expressive glances of a fine pair of black sparkling eyes; but he repressed the emotions they excited. " Shall I requite (said he to himself), the hospitality and benevolence of the good priest and his sister by the seduction of their darling, and blast those hopes of her future happiness

which they so fondly cherish? Let me fly from all temptation to such baseness; to-morrow I will seek the road to France."

These were his reflections, and this his determination as he walked by moonlight one evening to the posado, where he and his servants had hitherto slept, father Gregory accompanying him in his walk; and Jacintha, who would not be left behind, hanging on his arm, under pretence of having sprained her ankle.

But so many new guests had arrived at the posado that afternoon, that its accommodations for repose must have been so extremely inconvenient and disagreeable, Jacintha said, who was joined in the same opinion by her uncle, that it was impossible Calliades could sleep there; and he found it impracticable to resist their united importunities to take up his lodgings at father Gregory's, Jacintha telling him he should sleep by himself in the little cool room which opened into the garden. He at last reluctantly consented. Timotheus attended to adjust the apartment, and then retired to the inn.

Calliades

Calliades had seated himself again with the family, which was arranged round the hospitable board, upon which were spread with unsparing hand the fruits of the season. Father Gregory was recounting those grievous disappointments of his early hopes which had determined him to a life of celibacy, to which the Cypriot seemed to listen; but he found his attention much embarrassed by the more captivating eloquence of Jacintha's eyes, who, having placed herself opposite to him, leaned with both her arms on the narrow table.

Planted so as to be incapable of avoiding this soft artillery without absolute rudeness, and feeling the attack irresistible, Calliades founded his hopes of safety in flight; and starting suddenly up, declared his intention of retiring immediately to his apartment, when a loud rapping at the door alarmed the whole party. "Who are you (cried the priest), that disturb a sober family at this late hour?"—"Anthonio," was the answer.

The door flew open, the whole family crowded in transports round him, and Calliades quickly understood he was a brother

of Jacintha's, who had been long absent; that he had been both imprudent and unfortunate; and that after many eccentric wanderings he was returned, like the prodigal son, to the arms of his parent.

But though, like the prodigal son, he was received with general joy, Anthonio seemed incapable of participating the rapture he gave; his spirits were evidently oppressed by an insupportable weight of secret grief; he sighed in the midst of the gaiety which surrounded him; and though trying to take the ton of the company, his mouth was sometimes distorted by an affectation of smiling; his gloomy eyes were destitute of the sparkle which generally accompanies that indication of pleasure.

He at length complained of being extremely indisposed, and requested he might be indulged with sleeping by himself in the small room next the garden. Calliades would not give the family time to object, but insisted so eagerly on giving up the apartment to him, and being permitted to occupy a mattress by father Gregory in the common room, that his desire was complied with; the
mother

mother conducted the son to his bed, and then withdrew with her two daughters to another little cabin; and the Cypriot and the priest betook themselves to their repose in the kitchen.

As it was late when they separated, it was not very early when Calliades and father Gregory rose from their humble couch. They were immediately joined by the female part of the family. Jacintha put the room in order, and prepared the morning repast, while her mother and sister milked the goats, and tended the poultry. They then all sat down to breakfast. Anthonio had not yet appeared, and father Gregory had persuaded his anxious mother not to disturb him, alleging that rest and sleep were the most efficacious remedies for the dejection they had observed in him.

While they were all seated round the table, enjoying the cakes which Jacintha had prepared, the fresh milk, and some delicious grapes, humid with the morning dew, Timotheus opened the door, which, as it was opposite to Calliades, on lifting up his eyes he

saw the Greek with a pale countenance, and trembling limbs, as if devoid of sufficient strength to lift his foot over the threshold. His master hastily inquired what was the matter? and was informed that he had been pursued by a shepherd's dog, and narrowly escaped being torn in pieces. Calliades smiled in contempt at his cowardice; but the good father, who possessed no great courage himself, pitied him, invited him in, and set some provisions before him.

Breakfast ended, the impatience of the mother to see her son could be no longer repressed. She softly opened the door, but had scarcely set three steps into the room, when they heard her scream violently, and fall to the ground. All ran to her in the same moment. But what a spectacle of horror presented itself! the son weltering in blood, the mother apparently dead beside him.

Calliades ran with the daughters to the assistance of their mother; father Gregory and Timotheus examined the body of the son, in which no symptom of life could be discerned. The priest heaved a heavy sigh;
 " Ah!

“ Ah! (he exclaimed), his dejection last night *ought* to have warned us of this terrible catastrophe.”—“ Was the young gentleman melancholy? (asked the Greek, looking earnestly in the father’s face).—“ So much, (replied the Biscayan), that I am not surprised, though I am shocked, and afflicted at what I see.” Timotheus then observed to him, that the position of the wounds and of the dagger corroborated his ideas, and plainly evinced that he had indeed been his own executioner.

The distracted mother, recovered at last to sensibility, was removed with difficulty to her own apartment, where, leaving her to the care of her two daughters, Calliades hastened to see if he could be of any use to his venerable host. He assisted in composing the stiffened limbs of the corpse; in wrapping it up in the habiliments of the grave; in laying it in the evening decently in the earth; and in performing over it the funeral obsequies. He then took a tender leave of the afflicted priest, and presenting him with some tokens of gratitude for himself,

self, and of kindness to his family, without seeing the female part of it our Cypriot the next morning bade a final adieu to the vale of Ordunna, and arrived in a few days in France.

CHAP. XXII.

CALLIADES was, on his return to the French court, received by the queen of Cyprus and her consort with the affectionate warmth with which parents meet a long absent son. In his faithful bosom they reposed their hopes and their fears. Few, alas! of the former had they to confide; many of the latter: nor was the smallest in their list of grievances the dissensions which on their account had risen in the palace of Turin.

Philip of Savoy, who beheld with malignant eye every symptom which his father gave of partiality to the cause of his brother, perceiving that the duke was upon the point of levying troops for the reduction of Cyprus, stirred up by his insinuations the lords of the court against the measure, and proceeding from covert opposition to open rebellion, constrained his father to seek in person the protection of the king of France.

Lewis

Lewis immediately wrote to Philip, pressing him to hasten to his court, assuring him of the satisfactory adjustment of all differences between him and his father. Philip came. But the moment of his arrival was shut up a close prisoner in the castle of Loches, and the duke of Savoy returned to his own dominions.

Of these incidents which had occurred during his absence in Spain, the queen of Cyprus informed her knight, as also of the recent death of Mary of Anjou, the queen mother: and he found the earl of Warwick, as an ambassador from Edward the Fourth of England, negotiating a marriage for his sovereign with the lady Bona of Savoy, the French queen's sister, and then residing with her.

That renowned nobleman, the greatest subject which England, or perhaps any other kingdom ever saw, who could, by his single interest, bring great armies into the field, and crown and uncrown monarchs; who, for the greatness of his talents and the graciousness of his manners, was the admiration of the higher orders of mankind, and the adoration of the lower; was treated in this visit to the court of France by Lewis, not only with that

air

air of respectful equality with which one sovereign prince convenes with another, but also with that deference which is only paid to superior abilities.

Every effort which had been made to reseat Henry on the throne of England had proved ineffectual. The interest of Margaret, in the court of France, expired with the queen mother. Her every hope was now annihilated, and Lewis closed most cordially with the proposition of an alliance with her enemy.

The lady Bona was the greatest ornament of the French court. Her beauty, her understanding, at once sparkling and solid; her dignified, yet affable deportment, charmed every heart, and was the theme of every tongue. Warwick beheld her with admiration, and congratulated Edward in his heart on the prospect of uniting in this marriage public security and private happiness. Already every one regarded her as the queen of England, nor did she appear displeased with the compliments made her on the occasion; a crown of such importance in Europe, with the handsomest man in the world, which Edward was universally confessed to be, could
not

not be the aversion of a young, and not an ambitious woman.

Lewis of Savoy, who began to despair of any assistance from the French king, beheld this marriage as the most fortunate incident for himself; for between him and this sister had subsisted from infancy that partial and distinguishing affection which is frequently seen formed among the children of large families; and she had promised him the utmost interest she could acquire with Edward in his favour.

What then was the disappointment of these august personages when intelligence was received from England of Edward's marriage with lady Grey? Warwick, justly displeased, departed. Lady Bona, who construed the injury into disgrace, shut herself up in solitude. The natural gloom on the brow of Lewis darkened deeper, for it was by no means in the present state of his own affairs convenient to him to quarrel with Edward. The prince of Savoy sunk into despondence. Not one of the royal party seemed at ease but the queen of France, whose only consolation, under the unkind treatment of her con-

fort,

fort, had been the sympathy and compassion of her sister. Still, however, Lewis was profuse in his promises to the Cypriot, and still they pensively waited in expectation of his assistance, though every day afforded accumulated conviction that were he even disposed to keep his word, it was out of his power consistently with prudence so to do; for besides the occasion he had universally given of discontent to his barons, he had added to it the general censure of the world, for a plan said to be formed by him for seizing the person of the heir of Burgundy, to whom before his accession to the crown he lay under great obligations.

To exculpate himself from this unpopular charge, Lewis sent to desire a conference with the duke of Burgundy at Hesdin. But Philip, from the knowledge he had of his character, doubted the purity of his designs, and consulted—not his counsellors, but his astrologers, who, assuring him that the stars decreed if he went to Hesdin that he should die there, he declined the interview.

Lewis had now no other method of clearing his fame but by an embassy, and he nominated

minated for that purpose Charles of Artois, more commonly called the count de Eu; Morvillier, the chancellor; and the archbishop of Narbonne. Calliades, whose passion was the observation of men and countries, petitioned, and was permitted to be one in their train; and prince Charles, perceiving his merit, noticed him very particularly, took much pleasure in conversing with him, and finding himself listened to with avidity, delighted in informing him of the customs and manners of England, in which kingdom he had been a prisoner on parole twenty-three years.

The court of Philip was then resident at Lille; for the duke, besides his French provinces, was lord also of the low countries, the inhabitants of which were then called Flemings. Calliades was delighted with the country through which they passed when they entered the dominions of the duke. Unbounded commerce, aided by a peace of thirty-six years, under the gentle sway of the best and most indulgent of princes, whose benevolent temper had acquired him the
 surname

urname of Good, had filled the Netherlands with wealth and happiness.

The ambassadors entered Lisle: they were very honourably received, commodiously lodged, and the next day were admitted to an audience of the duke, attended by his son the count de Charolois, and in presence of his privy counsellors.

As Lewis deemed it derogatory to descend to excuses for his conduct, his ambassadors had orders to treat the rumour of the seizure of count Charolois as highly offensive, and injurious to the king.

Morvillier therefore advanced before his associates, and in a speech more sharp and arrogant than became him in the presence of a sovereign prince, accused the count de Charolois with having unjustly seized a small ship of war belonging to Dieppe, under pretence that Rubempré, its commander, was hovering on the coast, watching for an opportunity of making him prisoner, at the instigation of the king of France; which imaginary plot against the count, so contrary to the law of nations and humanity, so unworthy a great king, and which Lewis held in particular

particular detestation, had been with sedulous maliciousness published all over Flanders, particularly at Bruges, which being the universal resort of strangers, the character of the king became by that means most unjustly traduced in all nations. The person most industrious in spreading this defaming report had been discovered to be Oliver de la Marche, a Burgundian knight. The king, therefore, in justice to himself, and to clear his honour from this unfounded and slanderous imputation, demanded of the duke of Burgundy the person of Oliver de la Marche, that he might be sent prisoner to Paris, and receive there the just punishment of his crime; and the king required also, that Rubempré, so unjustly imprisoned, might be set at liberty.

The venerable duke, with equal temper and dignity, replied to this insolent speech, that Sir Oliver de la Marche, being a native of Burgundy, and steward of his household, was for none of his actions amenable to France: but, in deference to the king, if it could be proved that he had said any thing falsely, derogatory to the honour of Lewis, he

he should be punished according to the nature of his crime. The bastard son of lord Rubempré was indeed imprisoned at the Hague; but it was from informations of no despicable nature, that he had combined with some villanous people to seize count Charles, who then resided at that place.—“If my son is more suspicious than he ought to be, (added Philip, smiling) he inherits not that disposition from *me*, who never was of a jealous temper; but rather from his mother, who, I confess, was the most fearful and apprehensive lady I ever knew. But, (continued he, resuming his gravity) although I am by no means timorous, yet had I been in place of my son, when the bastard of Rubempré hovered so suspiciously on the coast, and received the same intelligence of his treacherous designs as Charles did, I should have acted precisely in the same manner. The matter shall be investigated; and if the bastard can prove the suspicions unfounded, and himself innocent of the charge, I pledge my honour he shall be released, and sent back to the king.”

Unsatisfied

Unsatisfied with these concessions, the moment the duke had ended, Morvilliers, in the same arrogant tone, began again, asserting, that the count de Charolois, when he last visited his majesty at Tours, entered into an association against him with the duke of Bretagne ; and affectedly passing over the count's share in it, exaggerated so much the enormity of the action, placing it in every malicious light that could reflect shame and dishonour on the duke of Bretagne, that the high-spirited count, severely stung at his oblique reproach, often attempted to answer, but was as often interrupted by Morvilliers' saying, " I came not here, Sir, on an embassy to you, but the prince your father."

Charolois still growing more impatient at the increasing insolence of the chancellor, particularly when he added, sneeringly, that he could not imagine what could induce the count to enter into that association with the duke of Bretagne, unless it was out of *gratitude* for a pension the king had given him, together with the government of Normandy, that Charles repeatedly entreated his father's permission to reply.

" I have

" I have answered for you already, (said the duke) and, in my judgement, as a father ought to do for a son. However, since your desire of speaking is so great, consider of it to-day, and to-morrow you shall have liberty to say what you please."

Accordingly, the next morning, before the same audience, the count de Charolois, kneeling on a velvet cushion, out of respect to his father, to whom his conversation was addressed, alledged that the causes for which the bastard of Rubempré was apprehended were just and reasonable, as would plainly appear on his trial. He acknowledged that the duke of Bretagne and himself had entered into a friendship and alliance, and had sworn to the mutual defence of each other; but asserted, that so far from this association being intended as an injury to the king of France, it was rather for his support, if their mutual assistance should be required: that for the pension which the king had given him little gratitude was due, since it was resumed so speedily, that he never received from it but 9000 franks, which was the payment of one quarter only: that he had neither soli-

cited the pension, nor the government of Normandy ; for that so long as he continued happy in his father's favour, he needed not the bounty of other people.

The count then rose ; but it was evident in his countenance, that had not respect for his father restrained him, his answer would not have been of so temperate a nature.

The duke then addressing himself to the ambassadors, with equal modesty and wisdom, desired that they would, in his name, beseech his majesty to preserve him in his favour, and not lightly entertain an ill opinion of him and his son.

A collation and wine were then brought in, of which all present participated ; after which the ambassadors took their leave, first of the duke, and then of the count, who stood at a distance from his father near the door. The last who approached him was the archbishop of Narbonne. " Present my most humble respects to the king, (said Charles to the prelate in a low voice) ; let him know I think he has handled me roughly by his chancellor, and tell him before the end of the year I will make him repent it."

CHAP. XXIII.

WHILE the noble persons in whose suite he was were preparing for their departure, Calliades, struck with the superb appearance of the palace, which excelled every place he had before seen in magnificence, very easily prevailed upon one of the officers of the duke of Burgundy's household to conduct him through the several apartments.

Nothing can be conceived more splendid than the furniture of this princely mansion, or more costly than the contents of its cupboards and sideboards. One sideboard in particular attracted admiration: it was in four stages or divisions, ascending one above another, and covered from the ceiling to the floor, as a back ground, with cloth of gold and crimson, bordered with black velvet, upon which was wrought in gold the duke's device, which was a fusil; a grand canopy crowned the whole, with cornices and fringes

of gold. Upon the stages of this sideboard were placed innumerable vessels of crystal, adorned with precious stones; cups, flaggons, plates, dishes, and basons, of the purest gold. The guide of our Cypriot called his attention particularly to two gold comfit boxes, enriched with jewels, which he assured him were valued at 70,000 crowns.

After viewing the lower apartments, Calliades was conducted to the chambers, which were alike admirable for their magnificent decorations. The grand state bedchamber was hung with crimson satin; the bed, which was a present from the people of Utrecht to the duke, was also of crimson satin, with a great sun on each cornice finely embroidered in gold; the counterpane and pillows were of the same satin. At the head of the bed stood a single chair, its covering crimson velvet, its cushion cloth of gold. A sideboard in this room, very high and wide, of three stages, was covered with great flaggons, pots, cups, and comfit boxes, all of silver, gilt.

They next passed into the apartment of Charolois and his consort. The upper part of the walls of this room was hung with green silk,

filk, the lower with fine tapestry. In it were two beds under one canopy, with a space between them for two chairs, which were covered with crimson and cloth of gold, with cushions of the same, and over the chairs was a green satin curtain drawn back from the middle of the canopy, and looped gracefully up; other green satin curtains drew round the canopy, and envelopped the two beds. There was also a little bed or couch which ran on rollers, so as it might be placed near the fire, or under a canopy of green satin of its size, which had also green satin curtains to draw round it. The counterpanes of the three beds were of the most beautifully spotted ermine, lined with violet-coloured velvet, so large that they floated on the ground, and over each was spread a light covering of starched crape, still longer and wider than the counterpanes. In this chamber were two massy candlesticks of silver, with large wax candles always burning; there was also a sideboard covered with cups, comfit boxes, &c., and a table to receive the cups in which cordial refreshments were

given to the guests of the countess in her lyings-in, after they had been served with the comfit boxes.

They next visited the apartment of the infant daughter of Charolois, who, after the death of her father, married the duke of Austria, and by her marriage transferred the Netherlands to the house of her husband, the French dominions being torn from her by Lewis. In this room likewise were two beds under one canopy; and another canopy for the little bed or cradle of the princess, as in the other apartment.

The talents of the person who displayed this superb mansion to Calliades were happily adapted to the task; and he expatiated with infinite fluency on the fashion and value of the flaggons, the cups, and the comfit boxes. He possessed also an excellent recollection of the magnificent entertainments which had been given by the duke; and, finding himself listened to with good humour, recited all the incidents of a tournament, in which it was unanimously agreed the count de Charolois had outshone all competition: and he described

scribed how the officers at arms led two ladies; who were princeſſes, to crown him with the wreath of victory, whom the count ſaluted, as was the cuſtom in chivalry; and they then conducted him to the ſeat of honour, amidſt the loud cries of joy and acclamations of the multitude, the leſs noiſy, but more grateful, murmur of applauſe from the judges and heralds, while the martial ſounds of the miniſtrels, and the ſongs of the Troubadours, in loud peals of triumph, completed his glory.

But he exhausted all the powers of his eloquence in deſcribing an entertainment given by the duke to a number of noblemen and knights, in conſequence of his having conſented to accompany the pope in a cruſade to the holy land. The ſuperb richneſs of the plate, the number of the ſervices, as well as the delicacy and rarity of their contents, the variety of the *entremets*, or curious and dainty diſhes brought in between the grand ſervices, was minutely enumerated and accurately deſcribed by the loquacious Breton; but when he attempted the machinery and ſpectacles which followed the feaſt, he

evidently laboured for language to convey to the Cypriot adequate ideas of the grandeur of the scene.

The hall in which the dinner was served he represented as a vast theatre, decorated with machines, which exhibited figures of men, of uncommon animals, of trees, mountains, rivers, and the sea, with vessels moving upon it. Suddenly, he said, the great folding doors flew open, and a vast giant entered in the habit of a Saracen, armed at all points. He led an elephant with a castle on its back, in which sat a lady weeping, attired in long mourning robes. When the giant arrived at the table, at which sat the duke of Burgundy, he stopped, and the captive lady, who personified Religion, addressed that prince in verse, painting most pathetically the calamities she suffered from the tyranny of the infidels, reproaching bitterly the luke-warmness of her pretended friends, whose duty it was to have succoured her in her distress, and imploring with great energy the duke to rescue her and her sacred country from bondage.

The

The duke heard her with the utmost attention, and immediately ordered the royal pheasant* to be brought in, that he might, as was the antient custom in chivalry, over it make his military vows. Immediately a long file of officers appeared; after whom came the king at arms of the order of the golden fleece—an order of knighthood which the duke had a short time before instituted—bearing on his head, in a golden vessel, a live pheasant, adorned with a golden collar, enriched with gems. Two young ladies followed: one was Yolande, the duke's natural daughter; the other, Isabel, daughter to the

* A peacock was also esteemed a royal bird, and the military vows frequently made over it. It was brought with the ceremonies here described, roasted, and garnished with its finest plumage, and after the vows were made set upon the table, and the ladies deputed the most-esteemed knight to carve it; the great skill in doing which consisted in dividing it so accurately that the company, however large and diversified, might have each a share according to merit and dignity. In an old romance a knight is represented as carving a peacock to 150 knights with such precision and judgement, that all were perfectly content with the part assigned. The feathers were made into a crown by the ladies for the Troubadours,

lord Montaign; each of the ladies attended by a knight of the golden fleece.

The king at arms knelt before the duke, and the young ladies, assisted by the knights, presented the pheasant, over which he pronounced a solemn vow, which he had previously written, to carry war against the infidels, and exert the utmost of his abilities to rescue the oppressed church, and redeem the holy land from their usurpation and tyranny.

The knights of the golden fleece first, and then the other nobles and knights, having the pheasant carried to them in a similar manner, made vows of the same purport as the duke's, some of them adding peculiar clauses of their own, or swearing to the observation of some arbitrary penance, as the abstaining from wine and meat certain days, not to sleep on a bed, not to eat off a table cloth; and some of the most severe vowed to wear shirts of hair cloth next their skin, or never to take off their armour till they had fulfilled their pious engagement.

A lady next entered in flowing robes, white as the new-fallen snow, attended by twelve other ladies, all attired also in the purest

purest white, each with her name written in golden letters on a scroll which depended from her right shoulder.

The superior dame, who personified the "*Grace of God*," addressed the assembly in verse, thanked the knights for their pious vows, and warmly exhorted them to make the twelve ladies, her attendants, their inseparable companions in their religious expedition, as a means of ensuring the success of it, and of accomplishing themselves in those virtues indispensibly requisite in forming the character of a true knight. She then presented individually the ladies by name, with a proper encomium on each: they were, Faith, Justice, Charity, Reason, Prudence, Temperance, Magnanimity, Liberality, Diligence, Hope, Valour, Truth.

A general dance concluded this magnificent and allegorical entertainment,

CHAP. XXIV.

THE morning thus passed pleasingly in the palace of the duke of Burgundy. In the afternoon Calliades finding the ambassadors were engaged in some ceremonious visits to the officers of the duke's court, determined to shake off his talkative companion, all whose information he had by this time exhausted, and of whose company he began to be weary, and walk forth by himself to view the city of Lisle and its environs.

Having ranged round the city he passed one of the gates, and soon after met a young woman, whose appearance at once attracted his attention and excited his compassion: her dress was the tattered remnants of what had originally been fine and costly; sickness and sorrow sat in legible characters on her pallid cheek, and seemed by their combination to have anticipated the ravages of age, in bending her naturally fine and graceful form.

form towards the earth. She was labouring towards the town with a pitcher of water; which not its size, for it was far from a large one, but her own feebleness evidently rendered a weight so heavy, that she staggered in her efforts to carry it.

"Let me assist you, fair maid, (said Calliades, taking the pitcher from her hand); you seem unable to walk; lean on my arm, and lead on, I will conduct you home."

She cast up her fine eyes swimming in tears, but was unable to articulate her gratitude. She did not, however, take the offered arm, but tottered feebly forward, the Cypriot quietly following with her pitcher. She led into a by-street, and to the door of a wretched cottage, where, stopping, she silently bowed her thanks, and attempted to take the pitcher.

"No, (said Calliades, retaining it), I will carry it into the house for you."—"Excuse me, (she replied, speaking in broken German); for your assistance receive my acknowledgements; but we part here."—"You must pardon my disobedience (he answered), but I am determined to place it in your house."

house.”—His antagonist had not strength for contention. She opened the door, entered the squalid apartment, and hastened towards a chair, on which was seated a venerable man. “My dear father! (she said) I have brought you some water—’tis all I can——”

“Let me have it,” he eagerly cried, raising himself forward in the chair by its two arms. She brought a cup to Calliades, who poured some water into it; she carried it to her father, who eagerly hurried it to his lips, drank a large draught, paused for breath, and then drank again. “Delicious beverage! (he cried), the unadulterated gift of Nature, and adequate to all her honest purposes! My God! whatever thou hast denied me, whatever in thy just vengeance thou hast taken from me, for *this* I thank thee. But, ever craving—hast thou no bread, Mary?”

Mary’s negative was expressed by her tears; and Calliades, who had taken his station behind the chair of the father, now made his retreat unseen by him. He flew to the house of public entertainment, which he had remarked at no great distance, procured from it a capon ready dressed, some bread, and

and a bottle of wine, and with the utmost expedition returned with them.

The eyes of the daughter sparkled with pleasure as he presented himself, the father looked astonished. "Who have we here?" he sternly cried.—"That Omniscient Being, (answered Calliades, who witnessed thy gratitude for the smallest of his gifts)—a cup of cold water—hath, for thy patient acquiescence in his good pleasure, sent thee this by me."

"Thou hast indeed the countenance of a ministering angel, (he said, looking earnestly in a face then beaming with pity and benevolence), thy gift is most opportune, and I will not fastidiously interrogate the giver; come and partake with me, Mary, this most welcome, though mysterious refreshment—you will be seated with us, Sir?—"

"No, (answered Calliades), I came to minister, not to eat; you *must* permit me to attend you." He did so, and his feast was by much the most exquisitely delightful, though the others added to their viands really good, the poignant fauce of hunger.

When the meal was ended, and the venerable fire found his spirits refreshed, he reached

reached out his hand to Calliades; "Receive, Sir (said he), my ardent thanks for the most delicious repast I ever made. I am ignorant how you became acquainted with my distresses, but indeed they pressed *very* hard upon me."

"It must have been some dreadful calamity, Sir, which involved you in them; I am persuaded you were not *born* in indigence."—"Alas! No, (he replied, with a long-drawn sigh), far other were the prospects of my infant years from those which are now before me. I am an Englishman, Sir, a friend to the fallen house of Lancaster; driven with the only remains of my family, this poor girl, from my native isle; despoiled of fortune, unable to work, to beg ashamed—yet even to *that*, whilst my strength remained, has stern necessity constrained me to submit, to support an existence burdensome in itself, and which I only sought to prolong as the protector of my otherwise friendless Mary, whom nature and education have ill-formed to contend with the buffetings of misfortune, and a hostile world."

"The

“ The duke of Burgundy, Sir, if he knew——.”

“ I wish not the duke of Burgundy to know *who* it is that languishes with want in his dominions. He is a most benevolent and kind-hearted prince, as hundreds of the unfortunate Lancastrians can witness who crowd his court, and would exhaust his pity and beneficence were they not inexhaustible. As gracious is the count his son to our unhappy party; impelled by a double motive; compassion for the persecuted and distressed, and respect for his mother, who was sister to the late don Henry of Portugal, and granddaughter to the source of Lancaster, our gallant John of Gaunt. I wish not to render the heavy burden still heavier to their beneficence. I know how to die; but I know not how to live, when the veil which conceals me is withdrawn, and I am visibly the dependant on another's bounty, though that other is the noblest of mankind.”

Calliades endeavoured with all his eloquence to combat this principle, and gain his consent to represent his situation to the duke of Burgundy; if not upon his own account,
yet

yet to secure his daughter a protector, should any accident befall himself. On this side only was he vulnerable. He hesitated; the Cypriot urged the necessity of his instant decision, acquainting him with his own situation, and that next morning he was to leave Lisle, probably for ever. He at length consented.

Calliades requested to know by what appellation he should announce him, "THE DUKE OF EXETER," sighed the venerable man: the information met with a respondent sigh from the Cypriot, on the instability of fortune, and the dire effects of civil war; and he hurried instantly to the palace.

Philip the Good was of all princes the most easy of access: Calliades requested an audience, and it was immediately granted. He threw himself at the feet of the duke, told his tale with so much energy; found in his royal auditor a heart so alive to compassionate, and a hand so ready to relieve the distresses of the noble mendicant, that in a very short time he flew back to the cottage of that unfortunate man, to inform him the duke of Burgundy would the next morning send to him,

him, to consult on the best and most agreeable mode of accommodating him and lady Mary in a manner more befitting their rank.

Words are inadequate to describe the raptures of Mary; the pleasure of the duke of Exeter had many humiliating diminutions; but gratitude to the man who had been so indefatigable in his service swelled his heart to its just magnitude, and poured from his lips in a torrent of energetic acknowledgements.

“ Alas! (said he, after some time talking), that I have nothing but words to express my gratitude, and feel myself poor even in them! This old manuscript, (added he, pulling a soiled, and half-rotten bundle of parchment out of a decayed cupboard), this book which I found in my cottage, and which is in your native tongue.—(Calliades had told him he was a Greek.)—I know not what it contains, for I am ignorant of its language; but take it, my dear and generous benefactor; accept it, not for its value, which I fear is nothing; but as a memorial of my unutterable sense of the obligation the goodness of
your

your heart has laid ~~ais~~ under, and the only testimony I am able to give of it."

Calliades did not depreciate the value of the present by his manner of receiving it. Night was now far advanced; he feared that the palace gates would be shut, and was constrained to take his leave. They separated as friends, whose souls a mutual sense of each other's worth had knit together, and who part to meet no more. In this tender scene lady Mary bore a silent, but not less interesting part; and fortunate was it perhaps for the peace of her gentle bosom, that the abode of their amiable benefactor was so short at Lisle.

When Calliades retired for the evening, he eagerly opened the old manuscript volume, and found that damp, more than time, had rendered its contents in many places illegible, and in others the writing was wholly obliterated. The more difficulty he found in reading it, the more was his curiosity inflamed; he rubbed off the mould, cleared it from dust and dirt, and after infinite pains discovered that the author was not of his own country, but a Fleming, who had written in the Greek language

language to conceal his observations from vulgar inspection. The first part of the book he found was on astrological subjects, and contained a variety of horoscopes, calculated at the nativity of various persons, or the principal circumstances of their lives. Here the book for several pages was too much decayed to be legible, after which Calliades could with little interruption read the following lines.

“ - - - Why have I been governed by this restless desire of penetrating the dark regions of futurity? Why, burning with curiosity and impatience, have I dared to draw aside that mysterious veil which the mercy of the Almighty had spread over it? What have I acquired? WRETCHEDNESS. The flattering hopes, the enchanting illusions of life are fled for ever. No transient gleam of present pleasure can dispel for a moment the cloud of sadness which hangs heavy on me. The present is annihilated, the future only stands before me in all its horrors. Conviction flashes this great truth on my soul: ‘THE ALL-WISE AND ALL-MERCIFUL CREATOR IS EQUALLY BENEFICENT TO MAN IN WHAT

HE

HE WITHHOLDS FROM, AS IN WHAT HE BESTOWS UPON, HIM.—My children?—Horror!—Scarcely can my trembling fingers hold the pen which is to record their destiny.

-----”

The pages immediately following were entirely obliterated: after which Calliades was able to read,

“----- Two firebrands lighting the Gallic world in flames—The insidious serpent stinging to death the fierce and generous lion. Ah, Belgia! Ah, my country! Now so rich and populous! Now so splendid and luxurious! Now so proud and vain! Now so thankless for the profusion of blessings showered upon thee! Ah, see thy glittering turrets levelled with the dust! Thy luxurious and intemperate banquets exchanged for the offals of a beggar’s table! Thy purple and scarlet, and cloth of gold, for the squalid rags of poverty! The soft music of thy wanton daughters, for the shrill shriek of distress! Long, long shalt thou groan under the crushing yoke of princes, to thee now unknown. But, once more smile in hope, the time of thy emancipation, though long for thy sins protracted,

protracted, will at length arrive. See, streaming from afar, the SAFFRON banner of Liberty! Hail omen of all good! The sons of Belgia^a are once more free! once more her gates are opened to universal commerce; her havens crowded with ships; her shores profusely spread with the rich products of worlds yet undiscovered."

Then followed an illegible chasm of considerable length; after which,

" - - - - - France - - - - -

He like another Clovis shall be the second founder of the monarchy—Like the wily serpent, more by fraud than force, he insidiously winds around, and at length attains his purpose; yet seldom shall the sword be absent from his blood-stained hand. Burgundy shakes his mane, tears up the earth, fills the woods with his roar, and, urged by relentless destiny, pursues his headlong course. Ah, see he falls! The lordly Burgundy falls, to rise no more! - - - - -

Soft Bretagne yields her female hand. The realm extends from Flanders to the Pyrennees, from the Alps to the ocean. Then - - -
Three hundred years - - - - -

" Chaos

“ - - - - - Chaos comes again—
 confusion—rapine—murder reigns. The
 bleeding trunk falls; the anointed head rolls
 in the dust; the Saviour of the world is torn
 from his cross; the God of the universe loudly
 disclaimed—Oh, hide me from these scenes
 of horrors! - - - - - The veil kindly
 drops—I lose the dreadful objects in impenetrable
 darkness. My God! I thank thee for this relief to my
 aching heart.”

Calliades perused these predictions with wonder. But as they seemed to relate to distant times, and to countries in whose fate he was wholly uninterested, when he had once gratified his curiosity in the inspection, he put them carefully by, as of no other value than as memorials of the venerable English duke; and, but for that reason, would, in a few days after he returned to France, have lost all remembrance of their existence.

CHAP. XXV.

THE prince of Burgundy was not long ere he gave indications of his keeping his promise to the king of France, which he had made to him by the archbishop of Narbonne. The fauciness of Morvilliers had indeed proved a stimulative; but previous to the embassy there were other circumstances which had irritated Charles against Lewis.

The duke of Burgundy had, in the English invasions of France, invariably for many years been a warm partisan of England, to revenge the death of his father, who had been treacherously murdered in a conference he held with Charles the seventh, when dauphin; at last, however, Charles found means to appease his anger, to disengage him from the interest of his enemies, and secure him to his own; and being in want of money to pay his troops, and knowing the duke of Burgundy's desire of possessing some garrisoned towns upon the

Somme, which formed the frontier of his Flemish dominions against France, he *pledged* them, as it was called, to soften the transaction to his own subjects: that is, Charles put them into the hands of Philip for a very large sum of money, redeemable, as France affected to believe, at pleasure; but the house of Burgundy regarded the treaty as an absolute sale.

Still, however, preserving the idea of *pledges* for money wanted in the exigency of his father's affairs, Lewis, attaching to his own interest the lords de Croy and Chimay, the two favourites of the duke of Burgundy, and by whose councils he was entirely influenced, he by their means prevailed upon the duke to give up the towns, on payment of the money which Charles had received for them: and the whole transaction was conducted with such sedulous secrecy, that the count de Charolois knew nothing of it till the towns were surrendered.

Regarding the whole business as treachery to himself and his interests, no other stimulative was necessary to induce the count to take up arms against the king; but he knew
his

his father would never be persuaded to consent, while de Croy and Chimay had his ear; to ruin them, therefore, policy as well as revenge counselled him.

Philip was now far advanced in years, and as his understanding lost its energy, he became, from the innate piety and goodness of his heart, a prey to those superstitions of the age, which in the vigour of his intellectual powers he would have rejected. We have seen him consulting an astrologer on the occasion of meeting Lewis, and it was found impossible a short time before to dissuade him from taking the cross, and accompanying the pope, who in person, as we have already seen, meditated a crusade against the Turks.

Impelled as well by personal enmity as religion, Pius had exerted every art to arm all the princes of Christendom against Mahomet. But the phrensy for crusading had so much subsided, that both the emperor and the king of France positively refused taking the cross. He had better success with the duke of Burgundy, whose recovery from a dangerous fit of illness he assured him was entirely owing to a vow he had made to visit

the holy land; and Philip, contrary to every prudential motive, engaged himself in the undertaking. Preparations were made; bulls were dispersed all over Europe to publish the pious intention, and stimulate men's minds to the meritorious undertaking; inviting the crusaders to Ancona, where the pontiff intended to embark.

Immediately were seen flocking to that place immense swarms from every nation of that sort of people, who restless and uneasy in their situation, of desperate fortunes, or romantic inclinations, are ever ready to engage in new adventures. But improvident themselves of subsistence, and no care having been previously taken by the towns or its environs to supply such a concourse, they were soon reduced to the greatest scarcity of provisions; and turned those arms, with which they had furnished themselves to fight the infidels, in depredations on the peaceable inhabitants of the country: the highways were filled with robbers who had left their homes in the cause of religion.

Complaints of these enormities were carried to Rome, to the great affliction of Pius, who

who immediately set off for Ancona, still hoping the accounts had been greatly exaggerated. But when he witnessed the disorders, and found that they even exceeded the reports, grief, fatigue, and indignation, sunk him to the grave, and with him expired the intended crusade, to the great satisfaction among many other people, of the friends to the duke of Burgundy.

To this weakness Charolois applied to ruin the lords de Croy and Chimay; and he accused them with having combined with the count *d'Estempes* against him, and, by sorcery, practised against his life. It was asserted that John Bruyere, the count d'Estempes' physician, with the assistance of a monk, had made images of wax; and after dipping them in water, which fell from a mill, had written upon the forehead of one of them, "Lewis," which was for the king; on the forehead of another, "Philip," for the duke of Burgundy; and on a third, "Charles," for the count of Charolois. Upon the stomach of each was put, "John," for the count d'Estempes; and on the back of each the name of the evil spirit. The intention

of Estempes, the accusers asserted, was by the charms which surrounded the two first figures to secure to himself the favour of the king and the duke; and by the last, to throw the count de Charolois into a languishing distemper, which would end his days.

This charge, a serious one in that age, whatever might have been its fate in this, had all its intended effect; the duke immediately discharged his favourites from all their employments, and Charolois soon found means to influence him in favour of a war with Lewis, in which almost all the nobility of France, with the duke of Bretagne, were by this time prepared to join.

The quarrel of that prince with Lewis was principally the independence of his duchy on France, but which Lewis insisted was a fief of that kingdom, for which he was to do homage. Francis had stiled himself in a treaty with England, "*Duke, by the grace of God;*" which Lewis took very heinously, and asserted it ought to have been, "*Duke, by the grace of FRANCE.*"

The duke of Bourbon was eager to join the confederacy, though he had married the
sister

sister of Lewis, because he refused to pay the nuptial portion: and the duke of Berry, the younger brother of Lewis, was as disaffected, because he thought he had not received an appendage equivalent to his birth. The duke of Calabria, brother to Margaret of Anjou, queen of England, joined the confederacy, because Lewis disregarded the promise he had made of assisting him to regain the kingdom of Naples, given to his grandfather by the adoption of queen Jane.

The duke de Nemours, the counts de Dunois and d'Albert, with a long list of nobility and gentry, united in this formidable association; some on account of having lost their pensions and employments upon the king's accession to the crown; others, for his attempts to deprive them of those rights of sovereignty which each had heretofore exercised in their baronies; all disgusted at his marked neglect of the nobility, and his advancing to places of trust and honour none but persons of the meanest extraction. These united grievances gave birth to the most formidable league against their sovereign which was ever known in any kingdom; and for

which its members assigned the specious *reason* of "*the public good*," so that the civil war it induced was always denominated, "*The war for the public good*." Men were levied in all parts of the kingdom, and the whole country in a very short time was every where in arms, for each nobleman brought into the field his respective vassals.

Lewis, aware of the gathering storm, exerted himself to evade its fury. The same conduct which had armed the nobility against him, had acquired him the hearts of the citizens, and the people of inferior orders. He affected the utmost familiarity of address and affability of manners to all ranks. He ate in public, and not only admitted to his table the officers of his household, and distinguished foreigners, but also tradesmen and mechanics. He would frequently dine or sup with the citizens; inquired into, and appeared interested in all their affairs; desired to be consulted in their marriages; stood godfather to their children; enrolled himself into the fraternities of the tradesmen and mechanics; and when he was reproached with disregarding his dignity, replied "That when pride
led

led the way, shame and loss followed close behind." The inferior ranks, therefore, in the country, who could chuse their party, and all the towns, adhered firmly to him, and by his soldiery he was adored.

His forces indeed were infinitely inferior in numbers to the confederates, but greatly superior in point of discipline; and having perfect intelligence of all the motions of his enemies, he craftily endeavoured to attack them separately before they reached the general rendezvous. He detached the count du Maine to watch the motions of the dukes of Bretagne and Berry. He left a body of veterans to guard Paris, whilst himself marched into the Bourbonnois to crush the duke of Bourbon, and some of the other associates in that quarter, before they could complete their armament; and in this expedition he was so successful, that he obliged many of the nobility in the Bourbonnois, and the adjoining provinces, solemnly to renounce the league, and swear fealty to himself, particularly the duke of Nemours: which engagement the duke took a very early opportunity

of violating, and drew upon himself the inexorable and bloody revenge of Lewis.

But before the king could entirely subjugate these provinces, he learned that du Maine was retreating before the two dukes, and that the officer he had left to guard the environs of Paris, had found it necessary to throw his small force into the city, on the approach of the Burgundians, who had invested it, and Lewis marched back with all speed to secure his capital.

Charolois, who was nominated generalissimo of the league, had marched with a numerous army of his own troops, and a fine train of artillery, subjugating the cities and country as he passed to St. Denis, which place was to have been, by mutual agreement, the general rendezvous: but to his great disappointment he found none of his associates had kept the appointment; and most fortunate was it for Lewis they did not, for had the attack on Paris been made, as had been projected by Charolois, suddenly, with the united forces of the insurgents, it must inevitably have capitulated, and the king as certainly lost his crown.

Extremely

Extremely disgusted at the tardy movements of his confederates, the ardent spirit of the count would not wait their uncertain arrival, but depending upon the supposed disaffection of the inhabitants of Paris, he ventured to give two assaults in one day, in both of which he was repulsed with great loss; as also in a third soon after, which promised at first better success: and he found that instead of the Parisians joyfully opening their gates to him, as he had been assured, on a declaration of abolishing all taxes and customs, he had, on the contrary, to apprehend from them the most vigorous and obstinate resistance.

The partisans of Lewis in that city kept with the utmost industry all true to their allegiance, by perpetually representing, that the king was hated of all the great men for no other reason than that from his great love of his people he had laid a restraint on the nobles' power of enslaving them; and that it was easy to see by their tyrannical conduct to their vassals, that the discontented lords, under pretence of arming for the public good, only fought their own particular emoluments,

and only *pretended* to regard the interest of the people.

So disconcerted were the Burgundians at their unexpected repulse, that it was debated the next day in council, whether they should return home, as the other princes had been so negligent of their engagement, or advance to meet the dukes of Berry and Bretagne, whom the chancellor of Bretagne assured them were near at hand: and to corroborate his assertion, he produced letters, as from his master, to that purpose; but which were indeed his own fabrications, the duke having furnished him with blanks signed with his name, to answer any sudden emergency; and it was carried to raise the siege, and meet the Bretagne army.

But the next morning brought the count certain intelligence that du Maine, who had retreated as the dukes advanced, had now joined the king, and their united armies were rapidly marching to Paris. This determined Charolois to meet, and fight them ere they entered the city.

In pursuance of this plan he marched in all haste to Longjumeau; dispatched the
count

count de St. Pol, who was the chief manager of his affairs and general of his forces, and who was brother to Jacqueline of Luxemburgh, whose daughter Edward the fourth of England had recently married. St. Pol was dispatched with the vanguard to mont l'Heri; about two leagues from the field of battle, which was marked out in a plain between the two divisions of the army, into which St. Pol was to fall back when the enemy advanced, without suffering himself to be attacked singly.

As Lewis advanced, he received perfect intelligence of the position of his antagonists; and called his officers together, not to demand their advice, but to declare his intentions, which were positively to avoid coming to an engagement, deeming it superlatively imprudent to put the crown of France to the hazard of a battle, and well aware of all the disadvantages which the loss of even a small number of men would be to him in this crisis of his affairs, and the incredible change which is wrought in men's minds by a defeat. It was, therefore, his determination to avoid the Burgundians; and throwing himself and
his

his forces into Paris, to wait there the result of negociation, or the effect of time on so many heterogeneous minds as would be found when the nobility were assembled.

But this opinion of the king was highly disagreeable to most of his officers, who thought it derogatory to their honour to shun an enemy: and he having piqued the grand senechal of Normandy, by seeming to suspect his loyalty, though on a blunt justification the command of the vanguard was given to him; that officer, after repeated positive orders to shun an engagement, and lead his troops clear of the enemy, declared to his confidants, in the morning just before he marched, he would bring that day the armies so near each other, that it should require a very skilful general to separate them without fighting. He was as good as his word; and fighting with temerity to clear his character from all imputation of disloyalty, was killed in the early part of the engagement.

The armies began skirmishing about ten o'clock in the morning, and were generally engaged by one. The impetuosity of Charolois drove every thing before him, and he
routed

routed the wing against which he was engaged. Lewis had the same success against the Burgundian wing to which he was opposed. Both unacquainted with what had passed in the other part of the field, pursued the flying enemy, elated with certain victory. Both were recalled by the intelligence of the defeat of the other part of their army, and turned once more to face their antagonist. Calliades, ever eager in the moment of action, galloping before the rest with some Savoyard gentlemen, encountered a party of Burgundians with Charolois returning to the field; and a fierce skirmish ensued, in which, after an obstinate resistance, the Cypriot was taken prisoner by the count himself, who perceiving his noble air and respecting bravery, though in an enemy, told him with a generosity perfectly consistent with his character, "his hands should be unfettered, and his person unguarded, for that as a knight he was the prisoner of HONOUR only."—*That* (Calliades replied), was the strongest rivet in the Burgundian fetters; and rendered them more indissoluble than chains of adamant."

The

The appearance of a body of French archers broke off the short conversation; they attacked Charolois with such impetuosity, that they flew his standard bearer, wounded the count himself in the neck, whose beaver, improperly fastened, dropped from his head during the engagement, and surrounding him cried, "My lord, surrender yourself—we know you—do not obstinately throw away your life." However desperately Charolois fought, he must have been killed or taken prisoner, had not in this critical moment a robust soldier, mounted on a large and strong horse, rode furiously between him and the assailants, and by that means rescued him; and the archers seeing a body of Burgundians approaching, wheeled off.

Both commanders were now returned to the field of action, but their troops broken, fatigued, dispirited, each fancying himself weaker, and his antagonist stronger than the reality, felt no inclination to renew the fight; yet uncertain of the movements of the other, thought it necessary to preserve a good countenance. They were separated by a deep ditch,

ditch, and a tall and thick hedge, which so effectually intercepted the view of each other, that fear had full power of magnifying the opponents forces. The king, in the position of the Burgundian army, immediately under the walls of the town, saw alone his utter impossibility of entering it, and meditated only his safe retreat: whilst Charolois, liable to be attacked from the town, and by the king's army in the same instant, saw only in that position his own inevitable destruction; and it was astonishing the policy of Lewis did not suggest it to him.

Charolois, though wounded and bleeding, still kept on horseback, forming his scattered troops as they came up, expecting every moment to have the French fall upon him. Seeing the count de St. Pol coming out of the forest of *Tonfou* with his own colours, and at the head of forty men at arms, he sent to him to hasten forwards: but St. Pol not quickening his pace, but with his men coolly picking up the lances, which were scattered over the field, by his composure cheered the spirits of the little band which surrounded Charolois,

Charolois, with the assurance that he saw no danger.

In this uncertain state, night came on; Charolois ordered his waggons to be drawn round his army, by way of intrenchment; but still continued drawn up in order of battle, expecting an attack either from the city, or the king, or, as it was most probable, from both.

It growing, however, quite dark, and every thing remaining quiet, fifty lances were ordered out to reconnoitre the enemy, but such was the general dismay, not above twenty obeyed the order. And now the general and his officers began to think of refreshing themselves and their men, and alighted from their horses, on which they had been mounted so many hours.

The field on which they were, which was a deep and rich soil, and had in the morning been covered thick with corn, in a most luxurious vegetation, was now all trodden flat to the earth, and scattered over with dead and wounded men and horses so covered with dust, that one could scarcely be known from the other. A place was cleared to sit
down

down upon, by carrying away the dead bodies; and as they were piling them on an heap, one poor wretch, who had been stripped naked, called out for some drink: Charolois was the first to hasten to his assistance, and gave him some ptisan, which had been with difficulty procured for himself. His wounds were dressed, he recovered, and requited, by his bravery and unswerving attachment, his benefactor. Some straw was brought for seats and beds for the officers; and at length Charolois had his own wounds inspected and dressed.

A council was then held by the general and his officers, in which St. Pol gave it as his opinion, that as their situation was so eminently perilous, not only subjected to the danger of a double attack, but also rendering them incapable of subsisting their army, it would be the highest imprudence to lose a moment in extricating themselves, and advised their instantly beginning their march home. Lord Haubourdin, St. Pol's natural brother, agreed as to the necessity of returning, but advised the postponing the decampment till the return of the reconnoitering party.

party. But the lord de Contay represented such a retreat as a shameful flight, dispiriting to the soldiery, who would disband themselves, and of whom more would die by the hands of the peasants in their way home than would be slain in battle, should another engagement be hazarded: he counselled the composing the men to rest that night; and early in the morning attacking the king with a firm resolution to conquer or die. To this advice, as most congenial to his own inclinations, Charolois acceded: orders were given that all should immediately address themselves to repose for two hours, and then make themselves ready to obey the trumpet at daybreak.

In the interim the king's forces, as fearful of the Burgundians as the Burgundians were of them, had rested upon their arms till it grew dark, when setting fire to some waggons which stood near the hedge, to deceive the enemy by their light, they silently and hastily decamped, and marched to Corbeil. The reconnoitering party timidly creeping towards the hedge, and perceiving the blazing waggons, supposed them fires for dressing provisions;

sions; and without daring a closer examination returned about midnight to the count, with intelligence that the king was encamped in great force behind the hedge.

Charolois immediately dispatched some other lances, to watch and bring him intelligence of the movements of this formidable army, who, with as little courage as the foregoing, were starting at every gleam of light from the hedge, and full of apprehensions as they approached it, when they met a Burgundian waggoner, who had been taken prisoner in the morning as he was carrying a pitcher of wine to the army, but had now made his escape and informed them of the flight of the enemy. With more assured steps they hastened to the place, found the peasant's intelligence true, and flew with the glad tidings to Charolois.

Calliades now had an opportunity of remarking the various impressions of hope and fear in the same minds; and he saw that those who in adversity are the most depressed, exult with the highest insolence in prosperity: those of the Burgundian officers, who a few minutes before thought of nothing but escaping

ping from the present danger and running away as fast as possible, were now the first to advise the pursuit of the fugitive army, to accomplish utter extirpation. By break of day all were on horseback in the highest spirits; and Philip de Comines, who was present, says, that it being his fortune to ride that morning an old worn-out horse, yet the creature having drank up a whole pail of wine, into which he accidentally thrust his head, partook of the general spirit of the day, and was more lively and mettlesome than ever he had been known in his youth.

The intelligence, however, which Charolois received before the march of his army, of the near approach of the other members of the league, determined him not to scatter his forces in a perhaps fruitless pursuit; and he remained that day on the field of battle, elated with the event of an enterprise planned by himself, in which his opinion had been yielded to, not approved: and the pleasure he received from it was so great, as to change entirely his pursuits, and give a new colour to his life. Before that time he preferred the calm enjoyments of peace to the tumults of

war;

war; after that time he delighted in nothing but deeds of valour, and the alteration of his disposition proved in its consequences the ruin of his country; for it was his fortune through life to be opposed by Lewis, whose circumventing art always imposed on, or over-reached the incautious warmth and generosity of Charles.

Nature had formed in most respects the mind of Charolois for a hero, having given him a body almost incapable of weariness or fatigue; a soul undaunted, and insensible of fear, possessing the most delicate, the highest sense of honour, replete with sincerity, generosity, and justice: but she had marred her good work by an impetuosity of temper, which precluded all reflection, and set prudence at defiance. Intrepid, daring in the hour of danger, she had made him a soldier; but had denied him that calm collection of soul, that self possession, that presence of mind, which in the ardour of battle can investigate minute circumstances; seize on the exigence of the present moment to arrange the future, on which so much depends the fortune of the field, and which constitutes the
great,

great, the successful general. His boundless ambition, his adventurous mind, sketched plans, and attempted enterprises, which acquired him the title of Charles the *Bold*; and by an obstinate adherence to them, in despite of every suggestion of prudence, in his unsuccessful attempt on Switzerland he lost his life, consigned his memory to the everlasting triumph of his enemies for rashness, who to this hour shew the trophies of their victory over him, destroyed the fortunes of his family, and ruined his country.

The child of nature, and of honour, disdaining disguise, and openly avowing every sentiment of his warm and impassioned heart, alike ardent in its loves, its friendships, and its resentments; numerous were his excesses of benevolence and kindness, and never but in one instance was he found an implacable enemy, and that towards the latter end of his life, to the same count de St. Pol, whom we now see the confidential friend and bosom companion of his youth, whom his interest raised to the first offices in France, and who requited his generosity and affection by the
most

most undermining deceit, by the most traitorous conduct.

In diametrical opposition to this character stood that of Lewis, whose every word, every action, was the offspring of art and design, unfettered by any principle of honour, unbiassed by affection to any human being. Happy was it for his people, that their interests were connected with his own; for many useful regulations they are indebted to the necessity of his acquiring popularity; and to his ambition, and his circumventing cunning, the kingdom owed long years of internal peace, and its kings that uncontrolled power which rendered them lords at home, by absorbing all the great fiefs in the crown; and made them capable, too frequently, of being formidable to their neighbours.

Lewis gave many proofs of not being destitute of courage in the hour of danger; but his principal warlike virtue originated in the coldness of his heart, and the cunning and cautiousness of his temper, which preserved him unruffled, and able coolly to observe and avail himself of the momentary advan-

tages which the mistake or the misconduct of an opponent offered. But as art more than courage was his excellence in battle, in which he doubtless evinced himself a consummate general, so he always, in all his contests, preferred art to force, oftener made use of negociation, of fraud, or bribery, than arms; ensuring himself by so doing a more certain victory, than the frequently fortuitous decision of a battle.

With a strong and comprehensive understanding, a cold heart, and a destitution of principle, Lewis possessed infinite advantages over the warm and incautious, or the slave of moral virtues. He gloried in his talents for *finesse*, and it was his declared maxim, “ *He that knew not how to dissemble, knew not how to reign.*” A keen and penetrating observer, perfectly acquainted with the characteristics of the mind he had to deal with, he was always alive to all the advantages it gave him; and though without honour or generosity himself, was always ready to avail himself of those qualities in others. Yet by refining too much on this talent, he sometimes forgot the caprices to which the human heart

heart is subject; and the influence over it of those passions, which will render a man in one situation utterly unlike the same man in any other situation, by depending at Paris on the high sense of honour which he knew Charles of Burgundy entertained, he insured his object. But by confiding in the same honour at Peronne, he was near losing his life, and did actually incur much inconvenience and disgrace.

As interest always directed the actions of Lewis, so his resentment for injuries, or gratitude for services, were always in exact proportion as that governing principle was affected. Of two men equally culpable, he would perhaps remit the offence of the one, and pursue the other with inexorable and inhuman revenge: he was often profuse in the reward of trifling services, and often entirely omitted acknowledging great ones. Yet he always exacted from others that equity he seldom practised; and it was a common observation, that the king would suffer no one to be unjust but himself.

Conscious of his own superior abilities, he had no counsellors, nor ever opened his

heart to any one farther than was requisite to forward his designs. " If my hat (he would say) knew my secret, I would burn it." To this reserve he doubtless owed much of the success of his life, but probably lost more than its equivalent in the pleasure of it, as it deadened him to all the joys of society. With a soul which never could expand to the intercourse of soul, he shunned the conversation of his nobles, those bold and independent spirits who held themselves nearly equal to himself; but seeking by every method to humble their pride and circumscribe their power, he chose his companions from the lowest ranks of life; men whose ductile minds he could mould to every purpose, who would condescend to the meanest offices, feed his vanity with the grossest flatteries, and become the willing instruments of his vices and cruelties.

But the same penetration into character which facilitated his success in the meridian of life, embittered his latter days; he knew himself surrounded by men devoid of principle, whose only attachment to him was interest, and whose mercenary souls might be easily

easily perverted by superior advantages; distrust of them perpetually gnawed his heart; he suffered all the seclusion of a prison, for fear of traitorous attacks, and all the horrors of famine from apprehension of poison; the love of his children could not sooth his soul or alleviate his cares, for in them he saw only the impatient successors to his crown: nor could religion charm his mind to quietude, for he too keenly felt he had spurned at her dictates, and though observing the most superstitious rites hung round with relics, invested with orders of priesthood, supposed efficacious in all contests with the prince of the infernal regions, they were all insufficient to quell the perturbations of an accusing conscience, made in the last few years of his life by his apprehensions of treason, to undergo a confinement nearly similar to that of those whom his tyranny had shut up in iron and wooden cages, of which he or his creatures were the inventors: he, still flattering himself with recovering from his last illness, in the unexpected sentence of death pronounced upon him by his insolent physician, felt all the horrors of those sentences of death

which with so much ingenious inhumanity he had often contrived to heighten to the most excruciating and dreadful agony, when the knowledge was conveyed to the miserable culprit.

But enough of Lewis, let me sum up his character in three words. His ruling passion was inordinate self-love; to which, as to a centre, converged every affection, and from which diverged every action.

CHAP. XXVI.

AFTER continuing some hours on the field of battle, to evince himself perfectly master of it, the count de Charolois marched his army to Estempes, disposing in comfortable quarters in the town his sick and wounded men, and encamping in its environs the rest of his troops. In a very short time arrived at the same place the long-expected dukes of Berry and Bretagne, and a multitude of other nobles, with their respective forces. The noblemen were lodged in the town, the armies encamped in its neighbourhood.

This meeting seemed to impart reciprocal joy to all the lords of the league, though it had been debated by the confederates a few days preceding their arrival, on a flying report of the king's death, and in their joy at the supposed accession of lord Charles, as the duke of Berry was frequently called, how

to rid themselves of the Burgundians: and it was determined, if they could not shake them off peaceably, to fall upon them with united forces, and cut them to pieces. The speedy contradiction of the report changed their faces, and all greeted Charolois with every demonstration of pleasure, with every profession of friendship.

Such was the sincerity of these allies! and a very foolish incident the evening of their entering, Estempes discovered how easily jealousies and discordance might be sown among them. The people were walking in great crowds in the street; and Charolois and lord Charles of France went to a window to look at them; where, after having stood a short time, they fell into private conversation in a low voice, with their heads near each other, and close to the bar of the window; when suddenly a small body of fire struck upon the bar with some noise, and instantly disappeared.

The princes started back in great surprise, and stared at each other. The lord de Contay came hastily up to the count, and having whispered the word "*caution*" in his ear,

ear, ran down stairs, and ordered all the Burgundian foldiers that were at hand to ftand to their arms. The friends of the duke advifed him to the fame meafure. In an inftant fome hundred men at arms, and archers, were drawn up.

In the midft of all this confufion the innocent author of it was by fome accident difcovered to be a country fellow, who, from a paffion for fport, ftood at a garret window over the one at which the princes had converfed, and threw from thence fquibs among the populace, as they were huddled in large clufters together in the ftreet.

In the morning a council of war was held, at which all the princes and chief officers affifted: but fo various were the opinions of the beft mode of conducting the war, that it was not till after much altercation decided they fhould march to Paris, and endeavour to draw that city into the league.

The count, already fufficiently out of humour with the difcordance of the council, immediately upon its breaking up walked into the town to vifit his fick and wounded foldiers, accompanied by feveral of the lords

of the league, among whom was the duke of Berry.

The duke, very young, not *very* wise, and utterly inexperienced in whatever related to war, professed so much ill-timed compassion for the miserable objects he saw, and declared so imprudently his regret, for having entered into a business productive of so much injury to individuals, as extremely disgusted Charolois, though himself the most compassionate of mankind, and added to the distrust he already entertained of the disposition of his allies.

At his return he communicated his suspicions to his confidential friends. " If the fine feelings (said he), of this fellow are so much hurt at seeing a few wounded men, who are not his own soldiers, and with whom he has no acquaintance, how will he support them when the casualties of war come nearer to him? Will he not, to spare himself such a shock, listen to the first overtures of peace which his brother makes? and shall not I and my interests be the first sacrifice, whose fire was for so many years the inveterate enemy of his fire; impelled to be so by the greatest

greatest of all injuries, the treacherous murder of his father? It behoves me to be wise in time, and secure myself ere it is too late. The friendship which unites the whole party to me, is, I plainly perceive, of so attenuated a texture, that the least breath of interest would blow it asunder. Counsel me, my lords, what in this precarious and threatening predicament is proper to be done."

To corroborate his opinion of the disaffection of his allies, one of his friends informed him of what he had secretly been told, the vote which had passed in the French council, to destroy the Burgundian army. Justly alarmed, all agreed there was the utmost probability of the whole French force uniting with the king, and falling upon him as the peace offering: that the most prudent step he could possibly take was to enter into an immediate alliance with England; and St. Pol purposed its being farther cemented, by the marriage of the count with Margaret, the eldest sister of Edward.

Charolois had ever been the firm friend of the house of Lancaster, as being himself descended from its founder; consequently an

enemy to that of York, and its pretensions; but the imminent danger in which he perceived himself, together with the persuasions of St. Pol, who had always great influence over him, and who was become by the marriage of Edward with his niece entirely in the interests of that prince, weighed with him, and he consented, though he had not been many days a widower; and William de Cluny was that very night dispatched towards England, with orders from Charles to propose, and immediately conclude, an alliance offensive and defensive with England: also to propose the marriage; but that the count secretly charged him to procrastinate as much as he decently could, for he felt infinite repugnance to the taking a wife from the house of York.

The next day the combined army passed the Seine over a temporary bridge, and encamped upon the side of the hills which hung towards the river; where it was displayed to advantage, and made a very fine and formidable appearance.

The succeeding day the allies received a considerable reinforcement by the arrival of
John

John of Anjou, duke of Calabria, who brought with him those veterans who had served him in his Italian wars, and also five hundred brave Switzers, the first who served in the armies of France. In the duke of Calabria, Charolois found a soul much more congenial with his own than in any other member of the league; and between them there immediately commenced a mutual and lasting friendship. John of Anjou, in many respects indeed resembled Charles of Burgundy; similar honour, bravery, frankness, marked his character; but his temper was less impetuous, and his judgement more matured by years and experience.

The morning after the duke of Calabria's arrival, the army of the league, which consisted of little less than one hundred thousand horse, besides infantry, marched from its encampment, the van led by its proper officers, and the princes following with the main body. Charolois and Calabria rode up and down the ranks in complete armour, keeping all in order, and performing the duty of generals; while the dukes of Berry and Bretagne, more heedful of their own ease than solicitous

solicitous for any one else, rode ambling idly upon little pacers; and fearful of galling their youthful and tender limbs unnecessarily with heavy armour, wore, in the form of it, fatin brigandines, with gilt nails sewn upon them, to give them the greater resemblance to coats of mail.

The army took its course to Charenton, having in its way routed a body of frank archers, posted to defend the bridge: Charolois encamped with his division along the side of the river, between the bridge, and a house he had at Conflans, enclosing his whole army with his waggons and artillery, as an intrenchment: the duke of Calabria took up his lodgings with him, and the rest of the forces encamped in order, as near Paris as possible.

The absence of Lewis, who since the battle of mont l'Heri had been engaged in recruiting his army in Normandy, gave the princes of the league full opportunity of practising upon the minds of the Parisians. Heralds were sent to invite the citizens into this association for *the public good*, while the most alluring proposals were secretly made them

them for their private emolument; and places of profit and large rewards profusely held out to their leading men.

Terrified at such an immense army, the common people were in the greatest consternation, nor were the superior ranks in much less. Equally intimidated by their fears, and allured by their avarice, the general voice was for opening their gates, and it was with the utmost difficulty that marshal Joachim could prevent it. They represented that the king was too far distant to afford them assistance, the garrison he had left ineffectual for their defence; the destruction of the town, the ruin of the people must be the inevitable consequence of resistance: on the contrary, the princes had made the most honourable proposals, which reason equally with necessity urged them to accept. They proceeded in a tumultuous council, which was held in the town hall, to nominate commissioners to treat with the princes; and Joachim secretly dispatched the swiftest messengers to the king, to acquaint him with the situation of affairs.

The commissioners were received with much ceremonious respect by Charolois, who
having

having to pass by one of the king's garrisons to the congress, appeared armed all but his head-piece, and gauntlet, with a rich mantle thrown over his shoulders, and seated in a chair of state; on one side of him sat the duke of Berry, on the other the dukes of Bretagne and Calabria.

The princes proposed their immediate admittance into Paris, where they might the more perfectly cement their friendship, and with greater convenience consult upon that reformation of government which the king's mal-administration had rendered so necessary for the happiness of his people, and which was the sole motive of their association.

The good citizens answered with much modesty and respect; but hesitated considerably on this important proposal. They were not proof, however, against the blandishments and caresses of the nobles, who entertained them separately when the public conference was ended: and it was at length agreed, that the princes should be admitted into the city, for the more conveniently planning "the public good;" but the army should pass through only, and that in small bodies.

But

But the activity of Lewis averted this blow, which by striking from him his capital, would have in its consequences deprived him of his crown also: by forced marches he reached Paris in this critical juncture, and entered it with his army before the commissioners could make their report. The citizens were silent, intimidated, fearful of punishment for the part they had acted; the garrison inspired, and the fluctuating multitude, who an hour before were vociferating for the Burgundians, and could scarcely be withheld from opening the gates to them, were now as clamorous in their joy for the king's arrival, and all assisted in preparing for a gallant defence.

But it was more by art than arms Lewis hoped to extricate himself from the difficulties which environed him. By his spies in the camp he was informed of the jealousies and bickerings of the commanders, and by every artifice he fomented them. Want of union procrastinated all decisive measures: the actions which passed between the troops were merely unimportant skirmishes; and frequent

quent truces gave opportunity for much desertion from each side to the other.

Late one evening Charolois received intelligence, that in council the preceding day it was determined the king's troops should fall from the town in three divisions, and attack the camp in three distant places at the same instant that night: from the quarter whence this information was sent him, Charles had no doubt of its authenticity; it was, however, not true: such a measure had been indeed purposed, and determined on, but afterwards, for some reasons, postponed, and with this last resolution his spy was unacquainted.

Messengers were immediately dispatched by the count all over the camp to awaken the sleeping commanders; and a small foraging party, which at that instant appeared before pont de Charenton, but whose numbers, from the darkness of the night, it was impossible to ascertain, corroborated in the universal opinion the intelligence of their Parisian friend. All was alarm and bustling preparation; Charolois and Calabria were the

the first mounted; their horses barbed, and themselves completely armed: even the dukes of Berry and Bretagne thought it necessary to exchange their satin brigandines for "complete steel," and their easy pacers for the rough war horse. A party was ordered out to reconnoitre the motions of the enemy; and the Burgundian artillery played very briskly upon the supposed division at pont de Charenton.

The roar of the Burgundian artillery through the stillness of the night, alarmed the sleeping Parisians. They ran confusedly to their guns, which were mounted on the walls, and pointing their muzzles towards the camp, shot at random, though at two good leagues distance. This prodigious cannonade, added to the general alarm both of the camp and city, and the king dispatched a party of horse to discover the occasion of it.

As the Burgundian reconnoitering party advanced near the city, they perceived that of the king; and as the light was insufficient to ascertain their numbers, fear multiplied them to a numerous body; behind which they fancied they saw a vast number of lances
standing

standing upright, and imagination immediately converted them into the king's battalions, drawn up in order of battle, and all the people of Paris with them. They galloped back with this intelligence, which they communicated to the princes whom they found riding without the camp; and the king's horse appearing at a little distance, gave credence to their assertions. After some little consultation they were ordered back towards the town to watch the motions of the king's troops.

The army of the league was by this time all under arms, and marshalled in order of battle: the princes rode from rank to rank, encouraging the soldiers; but none so much distinguished themselves as Charolois and his friend of Anjou. The Parisian scouts having advanced sufficiently near the camp to perceive all preparation made for an engagement, rode swiftly back to apprise the king; while the Burgundian scouts fancying they fled before them, galloped after with great spirit. But when they came near the city they stopped again in affright; for the light, though now increasing every moment, being

still

still insufficient for a distinct view of objects, at a little distance they fancied they saw the same battalions of lances in the same place and posture as before; and their fears of being discovered by the enemy had nearly induced them once more to return, had not one more courageous than the rest persuaded them to take a nearer view, that they might be enabled to give the princes a more satisfactory account of the number and disposition of these troops.

As they stood debating this matter, with their eyes fixed upon the battalions in momentary apprehension of their advance, a brisk wind sprang up, which dispersing the gloom which had envelopped the sky, afforded them light to discern that these objects of their terror was nothing more nor less than a field over-run with tall thistles. With mingled sensations of pleasure and confusion, they rode up now to the very gates of the city, without perceiving a single soldier, and then scoured back to the camp to confess their ridiculous mistake, which occasioned some mirth, and some reproaches: the soldiers were dismissed to their quarters, the
princes

princes went to mafs and then to dinner, and every thing was foon reftored to the ac-
customed tranquillity.

Lewis now made overtures of peace to the lords of the league: but their demands at firft were fo high, that he pofitively refufed complying with them, particularly the duke of Berry's demand of Normandy. The towns upon the Somme, which were claimed by Burgundy, he did not feem averfe to give up, efpecially when Charolois, by the deputies who negociated between them, reminded him ftrongly of the obligations he lay under to duke Philip and himfelf, for entertaining him and his princefs fix years whilft he was at variance with his father; furnifhing him with money, and attending him with an armed force to Rheims and to Paris, on his acceffion to the throne.

Defirous of concluding a peace as fpeedily as poffible, and aware of the procraftinations attendant on the negociating by others, Lewis determined to do it in perfon; and perfectly knowing his man, fent one morning to demand a conference with the count de Charolois, by the fide of the river; and he came down from

Paris

Paris in a boat, in which, besides the boatmen, were only five or six lords, though a body of horse were drawn up on the opposite bank. The king stopped against the camp, where Charolois and his favourite St. Pol attended.

“ Brother, (said Lewis to Charles, the late wife of the count was sister to the king), Brother, shall I be safe if I come on shore to you? Will *you* be my surety?”—“ I will be security for your safety (answered the generous count), you shall be treated in every respect as a brother ought to be.” The king immediately leaped on shore, and his lords followed him.

“ I find (said the king, smiling), that you are indeed a gentleman, and of the family of France.”—“ How do you discover it?” questioned Charolois.—“ Because (replied Lewis), when my ambassadors waited upon you and your father at Lisle, and that fool Morvilliers talked so faucily to you, you assured me, by the bishop of Narbonne, you would before a year was ended, make me repent the chancellor’s impertinence. You have been as good as your word, and much within

within the time. It is with such persons of honour as yourself, who always punctually perform their promise, that I wish to deal."

Delighted equally with the king's pleasure, and the trust he had reposed in his honour, Charolois went with him into the subject of the treaty, and Lewis walked occasionally between him and St. Pol, his attendant nobles, and the guards of Charolois standing at a distance. Charles demanded the towns upon the Somme for himself; the duchy of Normandy for the duke of Berry; St. Pol to be made constable of France; some gratification which the other nobles required; and the redress of those grievances of the people which was the ostensible reason for their taking arms, and denominating themselves the association "for the public good."

The king agreed to every other proposal, but the giving up Normandy; there the treaty demurred; but the two great negotiators parted in mutual good humour.

Private messengers were now perpetually going between the king and the count, to the infinite jealousy and disquietude of the other nobles, who apprehended Charolois

was

was concluding a separate peace for himself; and they began to cabal among themselves, and to form intentions of proposing terms to the king. Their whisperings and private councils were not unremarked by Charles, and stimulated him to an immediate conclusion of the treaty, lest he should find himself abandoned by his allies. Intelligence which Lewis about this time received of an insurrection in Normandy, and its principal towns being delivered up to the duke of Bourbon for the duke of Berry, leaving now no impediment to the peace, the king, as eager for its conclusion as Charolois, sent to desire a conference with that prince in the fields midway between Paris and Conflans.

Exactly at the appointed time each set out from his respective place; the king with a hundred horse of his Scotch guard, the count attended by a very few noblemen of his party: so many soldiers, however, followed him, as far exceeded those of the king, and the count ordered them back. They met. Their attendants fell behind, and they soon entered into a subject which they both had so much at heart; for besides the fear of being

abandoned by his associates, the count's army was very sickly, his money well nigh expended, and provisions began to run very short in the camp.

They walked together in the most friendly manner, adjusting the preliminaries of a peace so agreeable to them both, and so entirely absorbed by their subject, that Charolois gave no heed to the direction of his steps, till, upon a little pause in the conversation, lifting up his eyes, he was astonished to find himself near Paris, and that he had entered an entrenchment of earth and wood, his attendants being at a great distance.

Nor was the surprise of Charolois unmixed with alarm; he was as perfectly acquainted with the character of Lewis, as Lewis was with his. The king, secure in the unblemished honour of the count, was sensible to no apprehension amidst the army of the allies; but Charolois could not feel equal placid dependance on the honour of the king, amidst the fortifications of Paris.

In the interim, his alarmed attendants, seeing him enter the enemies works, ran to inform the camp. Their intelligence filled every

every breast with consternation. They recollected the fate of his grandfather, and, from the known perfidy of Lewis, prognosticated a similar destiny. The soldiers were all commanded to their arms by the venerable Neuf-Châtel, marshal of Burgundy. He and the count de St. Pol, mounted on horseback, rode out of the camp. They sent their eager eyes towards Paris, dreading, yet ardently panting, to receive some intelligence from thence. A body of forty or fifty horse appeared at a distance, riding full speed. They looked at each in the most agonising suspense, which, if possible, increased as they perceived them to be of Lewis's Scotch guard; but changed to sensations of rapture when Charolois was discovered among them.

As soon as Charolois approached his friends he dismissed this guard, which Lewis had sent back with him as an escort, and addressed himself with excuses for his imprudence to the marshal, whom of all men he stood most in awe of; for Neuf-Châtel, with infinite sense and experience, had all the blunt and unqualifying sincerity of the undaunted soldier, and frequently took the

liberty of pointing out his errors; sometimes repressing the petulance of youth, by saying, "Whilst your father lives, count, I am not your servant, but borrowed only."

With a noble ingenuoufness and a glow of conscioufness he addressed the veteran, "I pray you be not angry; I am perfectly sensible of my folly, but I perceived not my situation till I was too near the bulwark to get off."

"It was done in my absence," the marshal coolly replied. Charolois gracefully bowed in silence, and rode to the camp, where he was welcomed by loud and reiterated acclamations of joy. All highly extolled the honour and generosity of the king, though there is little doubt but Charles was more indebted for his life to his policy than either of the other qualities.

In a very few days the peace was signed, and this formidable league dissolved to the great joy of Louis, who gratified every member of it with promises to the utmost summit of their wishes, but which they found him extremely tardy in performing.

Calliades

Calliades was exchanged for a nobleman of high rank; he took leave of his noble victor, but not till after Charolois had solicited him to remain with him, and had made him the most liberal offers to induce him to stay; but which the Cypriot, from his attachment to his patroness, deemed it his duty to decline which he did in the most conciliating manner, and with the most grateful acknowledgements.

CHAP. XXVII.

WHEN our hero returned to the queen of Cyprus, he found her in the greatest affliction; for in the same action in which he was taken prisoner, Lewis of Savoy had received a wound, which at first neglected, and afterwards unskilfully treated, had reduced him to a very alarming state. Rendered, by the evident danger of her husband, torpid to her former desires of a reinstatement into her lost dignity, Charlotte no more importuned the king for assistance, but her whole attention was engaged, and every faculty of her soul seemed absorbed in the care of her consort; and as Calliades perceived himself of no use in a sick chamber, he amused himself as profitably as he could in viewing every thing worthy of observation.

The many years of incessant war in which France was involved had intercepted from
her

her those rays of learning and of science which had enlightened great part of Europe. The art of printing, which a few years before had been invented in Germany, had not yet reached her: arms, not books, were accumulated by her turbulent nobles; discord, rather than study, encouraged: for which reason, few were her learned men, fewer her philosophers; and of the imitative arts she was almost entirely ignorant. In these, therefore, our young adventurer could have no resources of amusement: but, instead of wit, he found himself condemned to bear the rude jests of the fool, with whom Lewis was ever accompanied, and who was much delighted when he saw any of his train ruffled by his blunt and uncouth replies; and in place of learning he was obliged to be content with the mysterious airs, and affected solemnity of the astrologers, with which the court was filled, and who were the only counsellors to whom Lewis applied. He never began an action of any importance without consulting them concerning the most fortunate day and hour of its commencement. Those days which they pronounced unfortunate, were spent by

him in total inactivity; and he would upon no account do any thing upon Childermass day.

But Calliades sometimes visited the shops of the mechanics; sometimes discoursed with the merchants on the sources of commerce, talked politics with the courtiers, drew the veteran commanders to fight over their former battles; and sometimes he hunted with the king.

But though this last was a diversion of which he was particularly fond, Lewis, who was commonly engaged in it from morning to night in time of peace, rendered it so disagreeable to those who accompanied him by his incessant quarrels with his huntsmen; his ill-humour and abusive language to those of his courtiers, who, raised from the lowest ranks, were obliged patiently to bear it, that Calliades went with him but seldom: and also for another reason; for as no one could be more solicitous to please, or be more insidious in his conversation and address, when it was his interest so to be, than Lewis; so no one could be more disgustingly coarse and rude, where he had nothing to expect or to apprehend;

apprehend; and as from the Cypriot no hopes or fears could arise, he was in his manner to him so very unceremonious, that as the native dignity of Calliades could ill brook the incivility, he put himself as little in the way of it as possible; by no means envying those favourites who partook his table, and not seldom his bed, for it was the highest compliment in those days for a man to share his bed with his friend. Yet the king could, and frequently did, make himself a very entertaining companion; he had a clear head, strong intellects, an insatiable curiosity to know every body and every thing, and a memory so tenacious, that he never forgot any person he had ever seen, nor any circumstance he had ever been acquainted with.

Among the few objects of curiosity in Paris, the churches and relics stood foremost, and Calliades took care to visit them; as also the village of St. Denis, called after the name of that saint; who, a disciple of St. Paul, and suffering martyrdom by decapitation, was so anxious to be interred in that pretty village, that after being beheaded he walked thither with his head in his hand; but being saint,

and obliged to stop seven times in the four miles, the piety of the public had marked those resting places by erecting on them seven stone pillars, adorned with the image of St. Denis, and those of his two companions, Eucherias and Rusticus.

In his visits to the mechanics, Calliades, who possessed a spirit of universal inquiry, put every one upon talking their own way, and patiently heard many a tedious tale. Sitting one day by an old man as he was at work, he gravely and attentively listened to a minute description of what dwelt upon the imagination of the venerable plebeian, as the most glorious spectacle which had ever been exhibited on earth, the entrance of Lewis into Paris on his accession to the crown, and the pageantries invented by the good citizens on the occasion.

The mayor and aldermen, he informed Calliades, wore damask robes lined with fables. The housings of the horses of the nobility were some of them of cloth of gold lined with fables, some crimson velvet lined with ermine, others rich damask embroidered with gold or silver, and hung round with
great

great silver bells. Upon the draw-bridge near the gate of St. Denis, where the king entered in procession, accompanied by the duke of Burgundy, the count de Charolois, and all his nobility, was placed, as the arms of the city, a ship cast in silver, in which were three persons representing the three estates of the kingdom, and two others, personifying Justice and Equity, who made their respective speeches to the king as he passed. The ship was adorned with an image of the king in his royal robes, attended by two angels, and setting on the deck, which was formed like a flower de luce. As the procession passed through the streets, in one place it was entertained with gladiators fighting, in another with a fountain which ran with milk, wine, and hippocras; and, as mermaids, sporting and singing round, were beautiful women, dressed in character. A little beyond the fountain, strange contrast! was the crucifixion of Christ. Then a band of hunters, with their dogs and the music of the chase; and lastly, the taking of a garrison from the English, and the massacre of the soldiers of that nation.

But the person whom Calliades most frequently visited was a merchant who traded to Norway and the Baltic, and who, having made several voyages thither, and very far north, was enabled to describe to our hero nations hitherto unknown to him. Calliades, by the details of his new friend, discovered that the ancients were as much mistaken in their ideas of the impossibility of existence in the polar regions, as don Henry of Portugal found they were in regard to the torrid zone; and that those icy climes had their inhabitants equally with those which lay under the scorching heat of a vertical sun, and he listened with avidity to accounts of a summer of near five months length, in which time the sun was scarcely ever below the horizon; of a dreary winter of seven months, when it was seldom above it, and the gloomy clime enlightened merely by the whiteness of the snow, the brilliant beams of the unclouded moon and stars, and the variegated beams of the Aurora Borealis, whose sportive rays imparted a life and cheerfulness to the scene.

Monfieur de Tourcy, perceiving the pleasure with which the Cypriot listened to these discourses,

discourses, and though a minute observer of what came immediately under his inspection, yet having been precluded by his attention to business from speculative inquiries which did not concern it, found himself unable to answer the innumerable questions of Calliades concerning the laws of these northern nations and their monarchs; and as he really felt himself interested in contributing to the satisfaction of so very intelligent and prepossessing a young man, it was with peculiar pleasure he received him one morning, and leading him towards a person of an agreeable appearance, but who was, like de Tourcy, descending from the meridian of life—"Give me leave, Sir (said he), to present to you my Danish friend Griffensfeldt, who is like myself a merchant, but whose superior talents, and opportunities of improving them, will enable him to gratify your curiosity concerning those northern kingdoms, of which you wish to be informed, and with which he is so perfectly acquainted."

Calliades was sensible to peculiar pleasure at an incident which promised an acquisition of knowledge; Griffensfeldt was flattered by
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the idea of imparting it; a very few hours only were requisite to form an intimacy between this Cypriot and Dane, and many were the conversations they had together.

In one of them, " No three kingdoms (said Griffenfeldt), can seem by nature to lie in more friendly union than Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; but their near neighbourhood appears to have had a contrary effect from what nature intended; and by having generated a jealousy of each others encroachment and superiority, the inhabitants of each have acquired an habitual aversion to each other, which has engaged them in perpetual wars. Denmark, as the more southern kingdom, and lying better for general commerce by that advantage, which has not only introduced riches, but civilization, has, notwithstanding, her original domain, is infinitely smaller than the others, maintained great superiority in the scale, and its kings have at intervals worn the crowns of the other two.

" This union, which nature seems to have pointed out, but which an invincible dislike ever combats, was last effected by a female;
not

not by arms, but by those arts which will ever render that sex victorious. The soft smiles and blandishments of beauty will conquer those hearts who would repel the most daring attacks of violence; the irresistible eloquence of a woman's tongue will overturn those resolutions which a world in arms would fail to effect.

"No prince who ascended the throne of Denmark ever distinguished himself more for great virtues and great vices than Waldemar the third. The most incontinent of men, yet the most jealous of husbands, whilst he indulged indiscriminately his roving passion for the sex, he shut up his unfortunate queen in gloomy solitude, for having by an indiscreet, but innocent gaiety, given occasion for malicious misconstruction: and by the blameless deceit of that neglected princess, he gave being to his daughter Margaret, when he thought himself in the arms of one of her women.

Waldemar had no sons, but left two daughters, who had each of them a son; for Ingeburga, the eldest, was married to the duke of Mecklenburgh, whose eldest brother,
Albert,

Albert, was king of Sweden; Margaret was espoused to the king of Norway; and by her superior address, her son Olaus, though the offspring of the younger sister, was by the nobility and states of Denmark declared king, and his mother regent during his minority. The duke of Mecklenburg claimed the crown for his son by hereditary right, and his brother of Sweden joined his forces to strengthen the demand. Margaret acknowledged the *hereditary* right, but insisted that the crown of Denmark was *not* hereditary; for that the states possessed legal power to confer it upon whom they pleased. The Swedish fleet sent by Albert to contest these arguments being shipwrecked, the two brothers were for the present constrained to acquiesce in reasons they were unable to controvert; and the king of Norway dying at the same time, Olaus was crowned king of both Norway and Denmark; the exquisite address of Margaret conquering the extreme repugnance the Danes evinced to a union with Norway. But the youthful prince did not long enjoy his dignities, for he died very young.

“ There

“ There was not in the Danish annals a precedent for a female’s filling the throne; yet so powerful an empire had Margaret acquired in every heart, that the universal voice of the assembled states placed her in it: their example was followed by Norway; and she immediately nominated Eric of Pomerania, her sister’s grandson, his father being dead, her successor, by the general consent of both kingdoms. But the ambitious grandfather of Eric, not satisfied with this distant prospect of sovereignty, asserted by arms his *immediate* right, and was again joined by his brother of Sweden. The queen profited by their enmity. For a long unsuccessful war, which brought great misery upon them, disgusted the Swedes with their prince; his maladministration heightened the dislike into aversion; they deposed him, and offered the crown to Margaret. She received the diadem of Sweden with the same ceremonies with which she had before been crowned queen of Norway, and Denmark; and Eric was confirmed in his succession to this kingdom also.

“ Behold

“ Behold Margaret now the Semiramis of the north, and acting the great part of the legislator as well as sovereign; correcting the errors, removing the abuses, enacting salutary laws, and endeavouring to melt down and consolidate in perfect union the discordant humours and jarring interests of her three kingdoms. To effect this important purpose, a more august scene was exhibited at Calmar, than Scandinavia had ever before witnessed.

“ Forty of the most noble from each of the three kingdoms were by the desire of Margaret there assembled, as representatives of the several states; to whom the queen, with all the dignity of majesty, and all the sweetness of beauty, presented the youthful Eric; and, by the irresistible powers of her eloquence, they named him her successor; and consented, upon some certain conditions to be observed by the sovereign, to the consolidation of the three kingdoms into one, by that famous act called ‘*the union of Calmar.*’

“ Possessed of every great talent which could qualify her for government, Margaret
was

was doubtless the most glorious queen that ever filled a throne, as she was the greatest potentate at that time in Europe. I have called her the Semiramis of the north—let me retract the expression; for in no one particular but extensive sovereignty did Margaret resemble that magnificent, but vicious queen of the east. Semiramis, with inexhaustible riches, with myriads of slaves, with immense armies at command, subjugated kingdoms, built great cities, sunk vast lakes, turned the course of large rivers, and accomplished many stupendous works. But immeasurably proud, ambitious, artful, cruel, revengeful, and grossly incontinent, she was the slave of every passion, abandoned to every vice which degrades human nature, and renders the female character detestable. She treacherously murdered her husband; still more horrid, conceived a passion for her own son; and, harpy-like, destroyed those lovers she had enticed to her embraces. Let us turn from so hideous a character.

“ If Margaret was not devoid of the frailties of human nature, at least she veiled her deviations from virtue modestly from the world.

And

And who shall say, though the abbot of Soora, her confessor, was young, and Abraham Broderfon, her favourite, handsome, that the criminal passion for each, which in different seasons of her life was reported to inhabit her bosom, was not rather the suggestion of envy and malignance against a great and amiable character, than the voice of truth? What woman of her high rank, who, like her, desirous of preserving her sovereignty inviolate, declined the conjugal union, but has, like her, been maligned with calumnies of the same nature?

“ Of all the sovereignties of this earthly globe, that of Sweden is perhaps the last to be wished. The patrimonial revenue of the crown is extremely small, its power circumscribed to the narrowest limits, and every extension of its prerogative sedulously watched by the jealous eyes of the encroaching clergy, a haughty and fierce nobility, and a ferocious commonalty, who on every frivolous pretence are ready for insurrection, and are in the habit of deposing their unhappy monarchs upon the most capricious dislikes. All public authority is lodged in the senate, of which
the

the king is little more than president, who calls them together, announces the subjects of their discussion, and has the honour of executing their decrees. He is also the captain general of their forces in time of war. Nor would the name of king ever have been tolerated in Sweden, but from the extreme jealousies which the great families entertained one of another.

“ The clergy of Sweden possess greater riches than the rest of the kingdom united; accumulated, besides their ecclesiastic segnories, by fines and forfeitures, where all offences, even the most atrocious, are not punished by death, but may be expiated by pecuniary mulcts, which are paid the clergy; increased also by pious legacies of great value, and by the politic presents of their kings, to whom their friendship is indispensibly necessary. Thus all wealth of the kingdom seems in danger of being swallowed up in this great gulph, ever gaping to receive, but incapacitated from ever disemboguing it again to the public, by a law which expressly forbids the sale or alienation of any church property. The influence of this immense
opulence,

opulence, strengthening that which their sacred function gives them over the minds of a barbarous and unenlightened people, who are ever most inclined to superstition, the authority of the Swedish prelates is unbounded; they are, in splendour and power, so many sovereigns, have their castles fortified and garrisoned; never appear in public without a numerous train of gentlemen and soldiers; are at the head of all factions and cabals, courted by all parties; not unfrequently take up arms against their neighbours to extend the limits of their own domains, or are seen at the head of insurgent troops to circumscribe the power of their king.

“ The nobility, fortified in their castles, which are the seats of their petty empire, are not distinguished by the usual titles of other nations, as count, baron, or marquis, but by the arms of their house, and the name of their families, and soar above each other only by a superior bravery, or a more numerous train of vassals, who serve them at the same time in the menial office of servants, and in the military one of soldiers. By them they defend their rights, and revenge their wrongs,

wrongs, neither soliciting nor expecting redress by public justice; for there is no power existing in the government to put in execution any laws against them. Force, therefore, in this kingdom of anarchy, is the standard of law and justice; and the sword, the supreme decider in all controversy.

“ The inhabitants of the maritime towns would gladly have given more energy to government: the merchants especially were so harassed by the unrestrained liberty which exposed them to perpetual insolence and injury, that they would willingly have invested the prince with sufficient authority to preserve the public quiet, and establish the national commerce in that security which can alone render it flourishing; but these cities were but few, and their deputies possessed too little influence in the diet to effect their purpose.

“ The peasantry, who enjoy the privilege of sending deputies of their own body to the diet, are numerous and potent. Some of them hold immediately under the crown; some are vassals to the clergy, and nobility: others, who live in the fertile provinces, sub-

fist

list by agriculture; while those in the northern, which is by far the greatest part, spend their time in hunting, by which they procure food for themselves, and skins for the princes' tribute. Totally independent of the world, without union or concord among themselves; equally adverse to society and submission, possessing rather an intractable wildness than generous liberty, they are mere savages, bred in woods, jealous of their customs, and having nothing to lose, they are ready upon the least offence to rise up in arms, and revolt.

Such was the kingdom which Margaret was to govern; which, added to its other qualities inimical to harmony, entertained a rooted aversion to Denmark: yet by possessing herself imperceptibly of the principal fortresses of the kingdom, and filling them with soldiers and commanders, in whom she could confide; by courting the clergy; by conciliating the affections of all, by gracious manners, and soothing language; by studiously gratifying them in trifling forms, and in their capricious predilections receding often, and then advancing, as policy directed,

in

in that line of conduct which could alone ensure her the peaceable possession of the kingdom and the extension of her authority; residing frequently among them, attracting to her court the most ferocious and refractory characters, and, by blandishments and emoluments, softening their rough minds to pliability, she ruled over them with a tranquillity which had few interruptions, and closed a life of glory by a sudden death, in the fifty-ninth year of her age, and the thirty-sixth of her reign.

But with Margaret fled that refined policy, that conciliating spirit, which, like a talisman, had preserved in union the heterogenous particles of her sovereignty, and Eric soon evinced himself incapable of wielding her sceptre. Imperious in words, haughty in manners, provoking disobedience from bold and independent spirits by an air of command, instead of seeking to acquire the affection of the Swedes, he treated them like a conquered nation, levying on them the heaviest taxes to support a war in which they had no concern, contrary to a principal stipulation in the union of Calmar; set over

them arbitrary and inhuman governors, and filled all places, and even the primacy of Upsal, with Danes.

Bridled by their garrisons, influenced by their clergy, for a time it seemed as if the fierce spirit of the Swedes was extinct, and they bowed obedient to the Danish yoke, till, becoming by the wanton cruelty of their governors every hour more oppressive, they roused from their lethargy, and by a general insurrection shook it off, in which they, joined by Denmark and Norway, equally disgusted with the mal-administration of Eric, and the union of Calmar being deemed still to subsist, with one consent dethroned him, and elected Christopher, his sister's son, for their monarch.

“ Christopher lived but a short time, and at his death the Swedes declared the union of Calmar, so often fundamentally broken, was now at an end, and they chose and crowned for their king Charles Canutson, their marshal, of the blood of their ancient sovereigns: Denmark and Norway chose for their monarch Christiern of Oldenburg.

“ But

“ But Charles imprudently grasping openly at more power than the niggard hand of the senate allowed, more tenacious now of its authority, from the recent remission of it, and by imprudently thwarting the clergy, rendering that all-powerful body his enemy, was driven from the throne, and Christiern elected into it; the three northern crowns being now again worn by the same prince.

“ But Christiern did not possess sufficient policy to preserve the station he had gained; he quarrelled with the archbishop of Upsal; the prelates united against him; he was in his turn forced from the throne of Sweden, and Charles reinstated.

“ But Charles Canutson has not evinced himself one of those characters that profit by experience; he again aimed at arbitrary power, has again offended the senate and the clergy, and is again dethroned; and this is the present state of Sweden: both the degraded monarchs are practising every art to re-ascend the vacated throne, while the prelates and nobles enjoy the victory over both, by sharing among them the authority: so that the unhappy country, whose high-spirited na-

tives could not brook the rule of one monarch, now presents a scene of fatal anarchy, and groans under the tyrannical dominion of as many sovereigns as there are lords who can raise forces, and possess a castle. Every private quarrel is the occasion of war, the parties frequently making use of the name of Charles or Christiern to colour over their animosities, though not interested for either. The people, perpetually distracted by these intestine broils, harassed by a liberty which exposes them to the most deplorable evils, begin to demand with eagerness and importunity the restoration of Charles, *discerning at last*, THAT AN EASY SUBJECTION TO ONE MONARCH GOVERNING BY LAW, IS FAR PREFERABLE TO THAT SAVAGE FREEDOM, WHICH SPURNING AT ALL LAW, GIVES SOVEREIGNTY TO STRENGTH AND VIOLENCE."

CHAP. XXVIII.

THOUGH Calliades might gratify his curiosity, and enlarge his stock of ideas in those hours which glided over him abroad, he found neither amusement nor improvement accompanied the lagging and comfortless ones at home. The health of Lewis of Savoy every day declined; till at length confined to his bed, his unhappy consort never remitting her attendance, Calliades found himself a solitary and useless being, excluded almost all intercourse with his patrons, and debarred from employing as he wished his abilities in endeavouring to alleviate, by cheerful conversation and consoling sentiments, the sufferings of the prince, and the melancholy of the queen.

After a long and lingering illness, a slow and painful death deprived Lewis of life, and Charlotte for many days of all consciousness of the irremediable loss. Sensibility

at length returned, and with it the most heart-piercing grief. The sympathetic tears of the French queen and lady Bona soothed her sorrows, but no consoling efforts could dispel them.

Charlotte indeed was a singular object of commiseration. Born the heiress of a crown, habituated from infancy to unlimited indulgence, to regal grandeur, power, and command; accustomed to behold herself the first object in every eye, and to see submissive crowds obedient to her nod.

Now—mortifying reverse!—divested of dignity, of fortune, of friends, reduced to indigence, to a dependance on the bounty of others, and, to add poignancy to her wretchedness, with a mind incapable of accommodating itself to the circumstances of her destiny. For, with a jealous eye, she scrutinised the respect which was paid her, resented its slightest mutilation; was wounded at the smallest abridgement of ceremonious regard, and ingenious in tormenting herself, was perpetually irritated by some unguarded expression of those who addressed her, which her fastidious fancy tortured into intentional

intentional affront. But this unfortunate disposition to be offended not only added *ideal* causes of grief to her *real* ones, they even multiplied those real ones also; for she repelled from her presence all who were not obliged to visit her, by a too rigorous execution of the homage due to a queen, and actually deprived herself of what she had a just right to claim, the dutious respect which is due from her domestics to every gentlewoman; for finding it impracticable to please her, they ceased to attempt it, and requited her causeless anger with neglect.

Perpetually disquieted, disgusted, wretched, the harassed mind of this unhappy princess reposed itself upon—what alone can render the irremediable sorrows of this life cheerfully supportable, by displaying in animating prospect the never-ending joys of another—Religion. She formed the resolution of quitting the world, and having found a convent to her satisfaction, she made all necessary arrangements for entering it. She sent for Calliades, and after acquainting him with her determination, she thanked him for his unshaken fidelity and attachment; her inability

to reward which she bewailed with tears. One only method she said remained by which she could evince her gratitude, which was writing to her brother, who, though her enemy as a monarch, might, now she had ceased to obstruct his ambition, hearken to her as a simple individual, and perhaps regard her as a sister. To him she would delineate Calliades as she had ever found him; guided by honour, brave, disinterested, and worthy unlimited confidence. Would urge James to reinstate him in his paternal inheritance, and place him in an honourable post.

But Calliades, whose breast glowed with filial affection for the queen, protested that nothing should induce him to desert her, whilst there remained a possibility of being useful to her; and entreated she would permit him to remain near her, to serve and guard her from insult, till she had pronounced those irrevocable vows which for ever divided her from the world and its interests.

Charlotte, in proportion as she resented defection or neglect, was grateful for this disinterested and unwearied attachment; but

Calliades

Calliades was not long detained by it: for the usual noviciate being dispensed with, she soon after took the vows. The king of France having settled an annuity on the royal recluse, and she having obtained permission to present her knight with the few jewels which remained of her former splendour, though she found great difficulty in constraining Calliades to accept them. She gave him the letter to her brother, in which she had recommended him in the most energetic and pathetic manner, and their parting was truly affecting.

By means of his friend De Tourcy, our hero had secured a passage to Cyprus in a ship which lay at Marseilles, bound for the Levant. Timotheus, who had fallen ill of a fever soon after his arrival from Spain, and having been sent into the country for the recovery of his health, had not been from that time capable of attending his master, being now perfectly restored, rejoiced in the idea of returning to Greece with him. De Tourcy and Griffenfeldt accompanied Calliades to Lyons, where they bade each other an everlasting adieu, with the affection of

6 5 friends

friends and the fortitude of men ; and our Cypriot took boat down the Rhone for Marfeilles.

As the ship had taken in greatest part of her lading, and waited only for a wind, which became fair two days after Calliades reached the port, all her canvas was spread to its propitious gales. Nothing could be more delightful than their voyage to Sardinia, where the commander of the vessel had occasion to touch ; to Sicily, where he had also business, and to Candia, where he unloaded some merchandise and took in other. But here their good fortune seemed exhausted. For scarcely had they cleared the bay where they had anchored, and stretched their sails towards Cyprus, ere the alarmed mariners, from the aspect of the heavens, began to prognosticate a storm, and the pilot with all his might endeavoured to regain the port, but that the rising wind forbade.

Calliades was sitting below ; his imagination flying before the prow of the vessel to his native island, and anticipating the reception he was likely to find from relations, who
had

had probably by this time forgotten him—from a sovereign against whose interests he had exerted his utmost abilities—from a family whose causeless rancour had with so much inveteracy pursued his life. His prospects were gloomy; but youth is not prone to despair; and by the interposition of Theramenes, whom it was his intention to seek immediately, and the letter of the queen to James, he hoped to dispel those vapours which at present obscured his horizon. Absorbed in these reflections, he saw not the clouds which were gathering in the sky, nor heard the heightening blast which was whistling in the cordage.

Timotheus was more aware of the approaching danger, without having that in his mind which could arm him to meet it with fortitude; and while the mariners were furling their sails, and preparing for the storm, he ran pale and trembling into the cabin, and threw himself on the floor beside his master, who, awakened from his reverie by the abrupt intrusion, and learning the occasion of that terror which was working on every feature, ran upon deck to inform him-

self of the truth ; where the black and heavy clouds which obscured the face of day, the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the waves, gave sufficient indications of the apprehensions of Timotheus not being foundationless.

But on questioning the master of the vessel, who was both intelligent and courageous, he answered, that to be sure the gale was *fresher* than he could wish, but as he had sea room, and a tight vessel, he hoped by the blessing of St. James to weather it ; and as the wind laid right for his course, he might gain by it a more expeditious voyage. With this account Calliades cheered his servant, who remained tolerably composed the remainder of the day and ensuing night, in which the wind was not quite so boisterous.

But in the morning the storm became indeed tremendous, and bolder spirits than dwelt in Timotheus might have been depressed in beholding the scene which he witnessed, when tremulous and staggering with fear he ascended the deck. Above the thunder rolled unceasingly its awful echoes, amid the thick, black, yet fiery clouds around, the

vivid

vivid lightning incessantly flashed : whilst the ship, divested of all her sails, drove furiously under her bare poles before the wind, over the agitated and foaming sea ; one moment hanging on the verge of an immense mountainous wave, the next precipitated down the chasm which gaped for her in the yawning deep below. Breathless with horror the Greek fled into the cabin, and threw himself speechless on his mattress.

With the courage which our Cypriot constitutionally possessed, he enjoyed also, as a collateral security from the fear of death, the happy consciousness of a life free from crime, and abounding in intentional beneficence to his fellow creature. Nor was his mind obscured, nor were his spirits depressed, by those false conceptions of the Deity, which represents him gracious or indignant, not at the good or evil which a man does, but as he venerates or neglects certain ceremonies or observances, and acquires the blessing or anathema of particular men.

The light of true religion had begun to pierce through that thick gloom in which superstition had for some ages enveloped her,

her, and once more dawned upon the world,
To France are we indebted for its first cheer-
ing ray.

Waldo, a merchant of Lyons, in the twelfth century, possessed, with sufficient learning and piety to study the sacred scriptures, a fund of good sense, which enabled him to distinguish the original tenets of the Christian religion, which he there found, from the false ones which had been imposed on mankind by the Romish church: he had the temerity to expose the surreptitious doctrines and infamous practices of the pontiffs, and became the founder of a new sect, first called Waldenses after himself, and then Albigenses, from a town in Provence, where they had taken refuge, and where they suffered a most inhuman persecution. Their tenets were similar to those of the Protestants of the present day.

In England, in the fourteenth century, the still more learned and enlightened Wickliffe followed the steps of Waldo. And in the latter end of that century, and beginning of the fifteenth, John Hufs spread, with great zeal, the same opinions in Bohemia, with
such.

such general effect as to alarm the Vatican, and call forth all its thunders. Huss suffered martyrdom by an infamous treachery in 1415; but no cruelty or coercion could shut the floodgates of truth once opened; and by the after assistance of the more fortunate and indefatigable Luther, its salutary stream, like the fertile waters of the overflowing Nile, carrying blessings as it spreads, deluged the greatest part of Europe.

To these doctrines Calliades was no stranger, nor had his solicitude been less in investigating truths of such momentous concern, than it had evinced itself in ascertaining things of less importance. Nor did he ever content himself with a cursory or superficial view, where it was possible to acquire complete knowledge, which happily for him, in the present instance, was in his power; for as the scriptures are the acknowledged fountain of true religion, as he was master of their language, and possessed an excellent understanding to develope their meaning, his opinions were deduced from that sacred source.

With a mind thus enlightened, our Cypriot endeavoured to infuse fortitude into the breast

of

of his affrighted servant ; and finding that he was in agonies at the thought of dying without the absolution of his confessor, combated with irresistible force the pernicious doctrines which he supposed gave birth to these terrors ; but had the mortification of perceiving he had not rendered Timotheus a happier man, for freeing his mind from error.

If plenary indulgence for the commission of crimes, if free pardon and absolution for sins, may be obtained by *interest*, by *money*, by the performance of *ceremonies*, the wicked man, who has duly performed these preliminaries of salvation, will meet death with more composure than the most virtuous who has not. But let reason and truth snatch from under him the bubble which has buoyed up his hopes, and his loaded conscience will immediately sink him into the abyss of despair.

In this predicament stood Timotheus. His long illness in France had presented some of his actions in a very alarming light to his soul. But he had confessed them to his spiritual father, had performed the enjoined penance, and had been absolved ; on *their* head therefore he was perfectly easy, and
only

only wished before he died to have his soul by confession and absolution cleansed from a new score of petty offences. But, alas! the ill-timed reasonings of Calliades had destroyed his confidence in the absolution he had before received; his former crimes recurred in all their horror, and the attempted soothing of Calliades evidently added to his despair. “Oppress me not, Sir, (he cried), by your goodness—your kindness now points the arrows of conscience—treat me ill—beat me—any thing would be more supportable than this kindness, this benevolence—Ah! you know not the wretch you cherish—the serpent you found half dead and warmed to life in your generous bosom, it would have stung you to death, but the hand of heaven *repeatedly* withheld it.”

“Poor creature! (said Calliades, in an accent of compassion, trying to raise him from the floor on which he had thrown himself, and clung round the knees of his master, nor would be removed thence), poor creature! thy terrors have deranged thy brain.”

“Ah! no, Sir, I am not mad, (he wildly cried),—Oh! would to God that I were!
then

then should I escape these torments—the beginnings of that hell upon the point of swallowing me. But say, most benevolent, most unsuspecting of men!—say, thou forgivest the wretch before thee—that thou forgivest his black ingratitude, his *intentional* enormities, his repeated attempts on a life so precious.”

“ From my soul I freely forgive whatever thou canst have been guilty of in relation to me.”

“ And you will pray to God to forgive me also? *Your* prayers will be heard, while *mine*—no, I cannot, *dare* not, lift my eyes to that all-seeing Being whom I have offended beyond all hope of pardon.”

“ Most ardently will I pray for thee. But, my dear Timotheus, try to compose thyself, the terror of the storm operating on a tender conscience, and disturbed imagination, has magnified those venial offences to which human nature is prone, into crimes of the deepest dye—thou *canst* not have been criminal against me.”

“ Ah, Sir! you know me not—I am”—
At that moment the captain of the vessel appeared,

peared, with a countenance which indicated some fatal intelligence, and to the increased terror of Timotheus, if it were possible for his terror to suffer increase, declared he had no hope of saving the ship, for that the fury of the storm had driven it so rapidly towards Cyprus, and in the direction of some sunken rocks to the south-west part of the island, that it must inevitably bulge upon them, unless the wind should miraculously change in a very short time. He thought it his duty, he continued, to warn Calliades of the danger, that he might prepare for the worst.— So saying, he ran again to his post, to exert all his abilities to avert the event he had been prognosticating.

Struck as with a thunderbolt, the fear of death seemed in Timotheus to have operated its own remedy, and, by throwing him into a stupor, rendered him in some measure insensible to his danger, but consequently incapable of taking any steps to guard against it. Calliades, on the contrary, whose cool head, awake to every circumstance of their perilous situation, and in whose heart conscientious integrity, united with native courage
and

and firmness to support him unappalled amidst it, reflected on the most proper measures.

Being an excellent swimmer—for sporting in the waves is one of the favourite diversions of the Cyprian youths—he divested himself of every part of his European dress which could impede the free use of his limbs; he bound fast round him the queen's casket of jewels, which contained also her letter, and whatever else he deemed precious which could be deposited in it, and then threw over himself a light filken vest, which he could either retain or disengage himself from at pleasure. He found no difficulty in prevailing on Timotheus to follow his example, for he was extremely docile, though too much stupified to think for himself.

Calliades had scarcely finished these preparations, when a violent shock, and a sudden rush of water through the bottom of the vessel, gave notice of their arrival at the fatal spot. He sprung upon deck, followed by his servant, and saw the ship lie beating upon the rocks, where it was evident in a few minutes she must dash to pieces. The sailors were some swearing, and hurrying to hoist out
their

their boat; some weeping in stupid inactivity; some lifting up their hands and eyes in prayer to every saint they could recollect, and making vows of oblations and pilgrimages: but all, as with one consent, the moment they saw the boat tossing along the side of the ship, leaped into her, in spite of the remonstrances of their captain, and by over loading her, sunk in the same instant to the bottom, accelerating the fate from which they fled. The timbers floating round indicated the ship's going to pieces. The captain wrung the hand of Calliades in an eternal adieu, and leaped upon a plank. For one moment it bore him; the next a mountainous wave rushed over, and our Cypriot saw him no more.

Calliades and his trembling servant still stood upon the deck of the heeling vessel; and some empty casks floating close to them, he exhorted Timotheus to throw himself upon one, and set the example by jumping upon another. The Greek was not insensible to the care and kindness of his master; and lifted up his eyes and heart in those prayers

prayers for the safety of his benefactor, which he dared not offer on his own account. Calliades caught up a piece of broken wood as a paddle, and reached another to Timotheus, advising him to keep close beside him. The rushing waves hurried their buoyant vessels over the rocks, and they found themselves driven forward into the ocean, towards the island which was in sight.

Calliades, at every interval which the roar of the winds and the swell of the waves gave him, encouraged by cheering words his companion, pointing out to him the shore towards which they were rapidly driving; the sight of which restored life to the half-dying Timotheus, as it imparted fresh vigour to the pulse of his master, which beat high on his approach to his native, and, notwithstanding its injustice, his beloved island, when a sudden sweep of the waves dashed them in sight of each other against a towering cliff, which rose on the rocky shore of Paphos, shattered to atoms their frail barks, and buried them deep in the foaming bosom of the ocean.

The

The strength of Calliades survived the shock. Again he rose to the boiling surface of the deep. The companion of his desperate navigation was not to be seen. He had no reason to doubt his fate, nor any leisure to deplore it. The wave which had dashed him against the shore, had in its recoil carried him back with it, and he had so much remaining presence of mind as to struggle during its ebb to ascend farther south, not only to avoid the cliff, when the impulse of the waves should carry him again towards the shore, but also to gain a little opening, which he perceived in the land, and believed to be the mouth of a small river.

This manœuvre was as successful as the opinion he had formed was just. Again the waves, which he had not strength to stem before, rushed over him with impetuous fury, buried him in their foaming bosom, and hurried him a considerable way up the openings. His legs were grated against the pebbly bottom of the river; his arms torn by the rough branches of some low growing shrubs, yet his presence of mind never forsook him; he caught fast hold of the stump of a tree, which
had

had evidenced its existence by wounding his side, and impeding his progress, and clinging to it till the wave had spent its fury, and ebbed below him, he scrambled up the bank into the meadow, staggered out of the reach of the maddening sea, and then dropping his weary limbs on the grass, he kissed, with the emotions of filial love, the soil of his native country, and lifted up his heart to heaven in rapturous gratitude for his wonderful escape.

The sun was now sinking to the horizon, and the black clouds which still enveloped the sky anticipated the approach of night. The thunder, which amidst the roarings of the waves his ear could not distinguish, now reverberated in frightful echoes along the rocks. The lightning shot vivid and fiery in every direction. The rain descended in torrents. He was bleeding with wounds, stiff with bruises, wearied almost to fainting with his long contention with the waves; and when he had rested himself a few moments on the wet earth, he found himself scarcely able to rise and seek a shelter for the night.

He

He raised himself, however, with great difficulty, and looking round perceived, at a small distance on the margin of the stream, a fisherman's hut. Thither he slowly dragged his stiffened and smarting limbs. He tapped at the door, and was bade by a rough voice to come in.

He entered. Two men in the habiliments of their trade were mending their nets. Besides them were baskets, rods, hooks, and lines; round the cabin hung various sorts of nets; and on one side was an old crazy boat fastened upon a plank.

Calliades told them the simple story of his recent shipwreck, to which his mangled body, besmeared with oze, bore ample testimony; which was further corroborated by the continued raging of the storm. They regarded him with looks of compassion. They did more—they heated some water to purify him from the filth of the sea; they dressed his wounds; they lent him a coarse but clean cotton garment and sash, and after setting before him their rustic viands, they made for him a bed of sea weed; one of his hosts lent him his own pillow, a mat wove with small

offers, and spread as a covering over him his own rugged coat.

But sleep refused to visit the aching brows of Calliades, till some hours after she had sealed the eyes of his companions. The affecting, the threatening, the tumultuous incidents of the day filled his mind; and if for a moment he slumbered, again he felt the sea sweeping over him—again he was struggling with the waves, and then suddenly dashing on a great rock, woke starting.

He took this opportunity of examining his casket, the contents of which he found uninjured. He took thence some money, to reward his kind protectors, and to pay them for his raiment; and then carefully restored his casket to its place in the bosom of his vest. He soon after sunk into a salutary oblivion of his pains and cares; and in the morning woke in his accustomed spirits, and almost his usual health, so excellent was his constitution, and so efficacious the surgery of nature.

The good fishermen contemplated his renovated frame with mingled wonder and pleasure. The united dignity and sweetness
of

of his aspect, the affability and cheerfulness of his manner, but above all the generosity of his gratitude, charmed them. They sat before him their coarse fare, inviting him to the repast with looks the most cordial, in words the most rudely courteous. Calliades felt the obligation of their native benevolence, and expressed his sense of it in terms which delighted them, and they parted from him with reluctance, their occupation calling them to explore the deep for their daily subsistence: the inclination of our adventurer-leading him towards Nicosia, which, as the court resided there, he deemed the most probable place of finding Theramanes; and as he was thrown ashore some leagues south of Paphos, he intended first going to that city, and thence to the metropolis.

Ascending an eminence soon after he left his hospitable hosts, Calliades gazed around: the sky was clear and serene; the sea was placid, and sparkling in the sun beams; and the country spread with that rich and luxuriant vegetation which characterises this happy island. "And am I once more blessed?"

(he cried)—do I again behold thee my native country? Others are the lands of labour, thou of enjoyment. Nature formed thee in her happiest mood, and bade spring spontaneously in thy fertile soil, what other nations must toil to raise.”

The farther he receded from the sea, the more beautiful was the aspect of the country, and a plain spread before him, which was a natural parterre. Every object delighted him, and he stopped every moment to pluck and contemplate the varied beauties of the ranunculas, the anemony, the tuberoſe, with a thousand others, the moſt charming progeny of Flora, which ſpangled the emerald turf without care or culture.

At length the road winded through a more enclorſed country, and our enraptured traveller now loitered to inhale the fragrance of the orange, the citron, and the jeſſamine; to gaze on the waxy richneſs of the glowing pomegranate bloſſom, and the promiſe of a rich harveſt in the olive. But as the day advanced, he regretted that the ſeaſon was not arrived, in which theſe trees, with the vine,

vine, which clambered by its feeble tendrils³ the stems of the cyprus, the plane, and the mulberry, and flaunted in wild festoons amidst them, would have afforded him a repast the most luxurious.

He now reached the banks of a river, which he immediately recognised as a branch of the Lycus, and hailed the friendly stream, whose mouth had so hospitably received him from the storm: he knew that by tracing its opposite margin he should soon reach the village of Piscopia, whither he must repair for refreshment: he stripped, put his garments on his head, and swam cross the stream. Then re-attiring himself, he sat down on its enamelled banks, to reflect upon the chances of his being known by any of his former acquaintance, and the danger which might thence accrue, before he had made application to the king.

Yet the consideration that the time he had been absent, which had doubtless obliterated him from the memory of those with whom he had been slightly acquainted; the change in his person from youth to manhood, the difference of his dress, the improbability of

his return, would prevent his being easily recognised by those with whom he had been more intimate, silenced his fears, and again he walked on without diffidence. Feeling himself weary, and uncertain of his way to Piscopia, Calliades, seeing two people before him, determined to make inquiry of them, but changed his mind as he approached. He saw it was a young girl, sitting on the margin of the stream, leaning on the pitcher she had just filled from it, and listening delighted to the tale of love, which a youthful shepherd, who had left his flock to its own discretion, was whispering in her ear. "No—(said our hero, as he wended his steps from them), Cupid forbid I should interrupt so interesting a conversation by my impertinent questions."

But the inquiry a few minutes walking evinced unnecessary; a beaten track, gently winding from the river to his left hand, soon brought him in view of the village, through a way skirted with plane trees, and he threw himself down under their shade, for the beams of the sun, now blazing in its meridian, were oppressive, and he was still stiff and smarting with

with the bruises and lacerations of the preceding day : for though in the morning he had thought himself quite well, the heat and the long walk had irritated the imperfectly healed wounds, and occasioned him exquisite pain.

His attention, however, was soon diverted from himself by the sound of vocal music. Presently an open waggon appeared in sight, full of young girls, their flowing tresses crowned with flowers : some sung, some talked, some laughed, some sportively snatched the wreaths from the heads of their companions, and threw them at the old waggoner. He looked up ; gazed at the fair faces, who were with arch looks demanding their flowers ; he snatches up a wreath, crowns with it his own gray locks, and joining his hoarse voice to one which was melodiously warbling, they all joined in concert, interrupting themselves frequently by loud bursts of laughter : while the oxen, which drew their vehicle, entirely disregarded by the driver, travelled at their own leisure, or stopped to crop the herbage in their path.

" Ah ! (cried Calliades, gazing on the pleasing scene as it slowly moved past him), what a lively picture of my country ! Women, whose peasantry excel in beauty and attractive graces the court dames of other nations ; and men, neglectful of labour, forgetful of age, resigning their whole soul to the irresistible fascination."

He rose and lamely followed at a distance, for sitting still had increased the stiffness of his limbs, and with it the pain of his wounds. As he approached the village, at the door of a cottage, which stood by itself, an elderly man was standing, and finding himself scarcely able to walk, " Will you, father, (said our traveller to him), give a stranger leave to rest himself under your roof ? "

" Gladly ! (answered the man), enter and welcome." A seat was placed for the guest in the coolest part of the humble apartment. " Perhaps, (said the host), refreshment may be acceptable as well as rest ; Phylla, spread our humble fare before the stranger."

Phylla, who appeared about the age of her husband, and was spinning cotton, left her
work

work with the most cheerful obedience, placed on a table before Calliades several sorts of dried fruits, some pickled ortolans, part of a cold pheasant, some excellent bread, and a bowl of fresh milk ; and his host and hostess eyed, with benevolent pleasure, the glee with which their guest seemed to relish their viands, and quaff the grateful beverage of nature.

Pain had at first rendered Calliades inattentive to the features of his kind entertainers, and the employment they had engaged him in prolonged the neglect : but, after the repast, he found leisure to cast his eyes on the man, and thought his countenance familiar to him, though when, or where, he had seen him, he was unable to recollect. The woman had resumed her spinning, and her face was turned from him ; but by asking her some questions relative to her employment, she looked up as she answered him, when, to his equal surprise and transport, he recognised the features, though much altered, of his nurse.

He started from his seat to clasp her to his bosom. The necessity of prudential reserve

darted cross his mind—he sat down again. The emotion was not unremarked by his host, though he mistook its origin, but said, with a compassionate air, “ I fear you are in pain, Sir.”

“ I am, indeed, (said Calliades), in great pain. I was shipwrecked upon this coast yesternight, and was extremely bruised and wounded in scrambling on shore.” “ My wife, (the man replied), will cure you. She is always provided with roots of the melissa, the juice of which is a certain specific for all wounds. Suffer her to dress them for you.”

Our hero could not refuse this obliging request. Phylla evinced herself a dextrous surgeon, and Calliades found immediate ease from her applications.

The day was still very hot; the master of the house thought the air of their little garden would be more refreshing than the closeness of their small apartment, and he conducted our Cypriot into a circular arbour, formed of the intermingled branches of the orange, the pomegranate, and the Arabian jessamine: these shrubs, meeting at the top, composed

composed a leafy canopy, imperious to the scorching sun-beams; whilst the air which was admitted freely beneath, came impregnated with the fragrance of their beautiful blossoms, and the eye dwelled with delight on the enchanting contrast of their colours: here Phylla brought her distaff, and her husband some bobbins of silk to wind.

After many expressions of gratitude on the part of Calliades, and of kindness and benevolence on that of his entertainers, he took occasion to remark, that their manners were not those of the villagers; and he was persuaded they had moved in a superior station of life.

Phylla sighed deeply, as if oppressed by some painful recollection. "Alas! no— (said she, after some pause), we did not live always in this cottage. I have not the vanity to suppose either my husband or myself superior in manners to the villagers; but it is certain we might have been so, had we profited by our opportunities of improvement: for we were once honoured with higher notice than now is vouchsafed us, and

had reasonable expectation of having our old age cherished by affluence."

" Providence hath decreed it otherwise, (said her husband, with a half-stifled sigh, casting his eyes upwards in painful resignation), and its sacred will be done."

" I know, (said she), it is my duty to submit to the good pleasure of God, and I endeavour with my whole heart so to do. I can bear my *own* lot, not only with patience, but I trust with *cheerful* resignation. But I confess myself not equally resigned to the misfortunes of those whom I loved better than myself; and my heart sinks into despondence when I reflect on what probably has befallen that dear one who received his first nutriment from this breast; whose amiable youth repaid, with unbounded affection, my maternal sollicitudes; and whose opening manhood promised such heavenly perfection. O Calliades! (added she, clasping her hands together, while the tears streamed down her cheeks); Child of my heart! born to riches—to honours—of *all* divested—traded—maligned—blood-hounds pursuing

purſuing thee through the world—Where art thou?—Oh! that heaven would afford me, before I die, the bliſs once more to hold thee to my heart!”

Our Cypriot ſprung to her arms, and claſped her to his boſom. “Thy prayer is heard, (ſaid he), my deareſt mother—thine own Calliades is here.”

“My Calliades! Oh, tranſport unutterable!—Yes, it *is* he, I ſee it now—the ſame black, ſparkling, ſpeaking eyes—Oh, my God, I expire with this tumultuous joy!” and ſhe fainted away on his boſom.

The rapture of Cyriacus could only be exceeded by that of Phylla at this unexpected rencontre, and it was ſome time before either were ſufficiently compoſed to give their beloved lord the intelligence he required of what had paſſed during his abſence from the iſland, and the preſent poſture of its affairs.

At length he learned, that when Sor de Nave had, on the death of Melitus, ſo treacherouſly given up the citadel of Cirenés to the uſurper, all the domeſtics of the late governor were regarded with a malignant and jealous eye:

eye: most of them were for some time imprisoned, and many of them suffered death. After a long confinement Cyriacus and Phylla were at length set at liberty, and betaking themselves to this distant part of the island, they had purchased this cottage, with its little garden; and with spinning, and weaving cotton, and rearing silk worms, they should have made shift to live in tolerable comfort, had not the embittering retrospection of past days too frequently obtruded; together with the still more painful apprehensions, of what might be the consequences to Calliades, of that slander which they found had been so industriously propagated against him, and which the high temptation of the king's reward, and the splendid fortune and exquisite beauty of Hermione, threatened to render so fatal.

Thinking as they had both attended Melitus in his illness, and were witnesses of his death, their testimony of the innocence of Calliades ought to have due weight, and that it was their duty to give it, and clear his fame, Cyriacus and Phylla both repaired to the house of Euryclea; were after much trouble

trouble admitted into her presence: but the moment they had declared whose domestics they had been, and with what intention they came, she started up in a rage, would hear nothing, but commanded her slaves instantly to thrust them out of the castle. They went then to Nicosia for the same purpose, and endeavoured to gain an audience of the king, but found it impossible to obtain it, and such a general prejudice prevailing against Calliades, that they narrowly escaped punishment as his accomplices in the murder. Resigning themselves to a torrent they were too feeble to stem, they sorrowfully returned to their village; and as they had nothing left but their prayers to offer for the safety of their lord, those prayers were never omitted.

With tears of gratitude, with words of affection—it was all he could—did Calliades requite the intentional benefit. At a late hour, for time flew unheeded, Phylla brought the softest lamb fleeces for his bed; spread for sheets, the finest productions of her loom; covered the beloved of her soul with a counterpane of snowy whiteness; and taking the tender leave of a fond mother of her darling offspring,

offspring, she left him to that repose so necessary to recruit his exhausted spirits, and rest his wearied and wounded limbs.

The next morning a council was held by this affectionate trio, wherein it was determined, that Cyriacus should immediately hasten to Nicosia with a letter to inform Theramanes of his friend's return to the island, of the recommendatory one of the queen, and to request his advice as to the best mode of procedure; Calliades also determining to spend his time in the absence of Cyriacus, which must unavoidably be several days, in rambling from place to place, in which he promised himself much pleasure.

" But perhaps, (said the careful Cyriacus), my honoured lord may be destitute of money to answer his present exigencies; and to sell the queen's jewels would infallibly lead to inquiries which might effect a premature discovery, and be productive of the most fatal consequences. I adore the hand of Providence which hath made me the humble instrument of averting this evil.— This village, my lord, rose on the ruins of the royal city of Curias, many ages ago

most to flow from the hook
hook

shook from its foundation, and part of it swallowed up by an earthquake: and it is impossible to dig any depth without finding relics of the ancient magnificence of its buildings; my good fortune directed me to a specimen of its riches also: for in digging deeper than usual to make room for the expanded root of a large tree, which I wished to remove from an inconvenient situation, after being obliged to clear the way of several broken columns of the finest marbles, my spade struck upon something hollow, which strongly excited my curiosity, and I continued to dig and clear away the ground with great labour, till I perceived a large chest. My strength was scarcely sufficient, with the little aid my wife could afford me, to raise it from its situation: but what was our surprise and pleasure, when at last the task accomplished, and we opened it, to perceive it filled with antique vessels of various forms and sizes, composed of the most valuable materials!—Step, my lord, into this closet, and view them.”

Calliades did so, and was astonished.—They were all of gold, and most of them enriched

enriched with precious gems. They were in the form of shells, of baskets, vases, urns, and ewers; and our hero, who was well read in the customs of antiquity, was certain they were votive offerings to Venus, and composed the treasure of one of her temples. Phylla had cleared them from the defilement of that rust and dirt they had contracted in the damp earth, and they shone resplendently.

Now followed a contest which originated in the noblest motives, and was carried on by all the three in the warmest and most obstinate manner. At length, unwilling as Calliades was to yield, he clearly saw his faithful adherents would suffer much more pain by his refusal of the treasures they offered him, than they would receive satisfaction in possessing them themselves, and that he could not reward their fidelity in so delightful a manner as by accepting this rich gift, by which they would imbibe the flattering consciousness of having essentially contributed to his welfare. Accept them he did on this consideration only, and had the satisfaction of seeing his acquiescence diffuse an air of unutterable

unutterable happiness over the features of both.

The next morning Cyriacus departed for the metropolis, and Calliades, perfectly recovered, set out on his ramble, with an intention of feasting his eyes, and gratifying his heart with the beauties of his native country, to which he had been so long a stranger.

CHAP. XXIX.

THE morning was still in its prime when Calliades left the cottage of his foster-mother, and followed by her eyes, and her blessings, took his unpremeditated course up the country. All roads were equal to him, except that to Nicosia, which he left to be explored when Theramanes should point out the proper season. To entertain himself with beauty he needed not have wandered far, for no place could outvie the charming scenery which surrounded Piscopia. It was seated in a delightful plain, through which ran the Lycus, and from which a thousand little rills were taught to meander to feed the vegetation of a country upon which rain very seldom descends. Here was cultivated the sugar cane, and the finest cotton in Cyprus. Here the olive abundantly yielded its oleaginous fruit. Here the mulberry flourished to feed the minute spinner of the robe of luxury.

Here

Here sprung spontaneously the citron, the orange, with almost every fruit of delicious flavour, every shrub of fragrant scent, every flower which delights the eye with delicacy of tint or variety of hue. Whilst amidst the smiling scenery a broken column, or defaced entablature, forced itself on the observation of the sprightly and careless groups, who danced on the margin of the streams, or sung under the shade of the fragrant foliage, and read its silent lecture to the feeling heart on the instability of all things earthly.

Leaving at last the delights of this charming plain, Calliades again swam the Lycus, and pursuing his way to the south, approached near evening the village of Afdimu, which being seated amidst meadows, its riches consisted in flocks, and almost all its inhabitants were shepherds.

Every thing here breathed the delicious charm of pastoral life. The air resounded with the bleatings of the flocks, as they were folding for the night. At the foot of an ancient oak, its branches adorned with wreaths of flowers, reclined a shepherd playing upon his

his lyre, while round him danced hand in hand the sportive village train.

They paused to welcome the youthful stranger. Every lip greeted him with a thousand kind expressions. The girl who led the dance snatched from her head the veil which had adorned, but not concealed her lovely countenance, and presented one end to him, instead of a ribband, whilst she retained the other. Calliades, not forgetful of the dances of his country, accepted the sprightly challenge, by lifting up the snowy web; the dancers pass and repass under it, the women as if flying, the men pursuing. The cadence becomes slower, the fair ones slacken their flight, each swain seizes the hand of his nymph, and the company whirls round in a circle. Again the lyre strikes a lively note, the fair conductress varies her steps; she rolls the whole group about her in gay confusion: then suddenly disengaging herself from the seeming embarrassment, she appears at the head of her companions, who are marshalled in ranks; she waves her hand in triumph, again presents the end of her veil to our hero, who, insensible in this joyous society

to

to the fatigues of a long walk, began the dance anew.

At length the fading landscape gives warning of the lateness of the hour; the sportive group pace back to the village in steps measured to the music of the lyre, and singing in chorus. Calliades is conducted by the brother of his lively partner, who is the head of the village, to their house; is entertained with unceremonious hospitality, and finds a difficulty in the morning to resist their good-humoured importunities, and recommence his wanderings.

Not far distant from Afdimu once flourished Cythera; that city so celebrated, and consecrated to Venus, gave name to the whole island. Alas! how changed! Broken basements, scattered architraves, and pediments overgrown with moss, tottering and fallen columns, round which twined the ivy, were all the vestiges of its once magnificent temple. A deep silence reigned, where formerly reverberated the sound of unbounded mirth; uninterrupted solitude, where voluptuous crowds ran maddening to celebrate the orgies of the goddess; and the few noxious reptiles
which

which infested the island lurked in its recesses, the only priests of the place.

Several days were spent by Calliades in these pleasing wanderings, visiting the beautiful villages of this lovely island; sometimes dancing with their gay inhabitants; sometimes conversing with the graver; sometimes seated with the old on the flat roofs of their houses, when the cheerful tale of past ages went round, and their busy fingers were employed in spinning silk, by letting the spindle fall down into the street, and drawing it up again in winding the thread,

At length he reached the foot of mount Olympus, which the Cypriots aver is the loftiest mountain in Asia. But as he had not allowed himself time for passing it, and visiting the southern part of the island, he contented himself with viewing the village of Pellandrous, which rises at its foot; and the village of Cicco on its acclivity; in the latter of which was also a monastery, which contained five hundred Caloyers, or monks of the order of St. Basil.

The bell was ringing for vespers when Calliades reached this convent, where he meant

meant to abide for the night. He was received with the utmost hospitality; conducted to the refectory, where he partook of the general supper; was entertained with cheerful good sense till the hour of retirement, when he was led to the most commodious cell, and soon sunk into profound repose.

But an hour and half after midnight his sleep was disturbed by the tinkling of the bell, which called the monks to their nightly prayers, and he found it in vain to try to compose himself till they returned to their cells. At five the matin bell disturbed him: he rose, accompanied the community to their chapel, and joined in their devotions to the Lord of life and light.

After breakfast he viewed the extensive garden of the convent, which being situated high on the mountain, enjoyed an admirable, though bounded prospect. For though the summit of mount Olympus was said to command the whole island and the surrounding ocean, the garden being upon its acclivity only, the mountain itself intercepted the southern prospect, as mount St. Croix did the westward; and the northern mountains bound-

ed the landscape on that point, and shut from view the opposite coast of Caramania. To the east the eye roved uncontrolled over the island, and the sea which beat on its rocky shore, over the glittering bosom, of which were perpetually seen gliding the vessels of the European merchants, bound for the Levant; and fading into the horizon might be discerned many of the Grecian islands.

The garden was highly cultivated, but apparently with more industry than taste, and its productions more abundant in the useful than in the beautiful of the vegetable world. The good Caloyers were busily employed in planting their ligumes, restraining the luxuriance of their vines, olives, figs, and other fruit trees, which constituted during their numerous fasts the greatest part of their subsistence, and attended by a number of noviciates, some of them boys of only ten or twelve years of age, who performed the servile part of the business.

“ I thought,” (said Calliades to one of the monks, who had with great civility attended him, and with much cheerful and intelligent ingenuoufness answered the numerous questions

tions which the curiosity of our young traveller was perpetually suggesting), "I thought you had not admitted into your community noviciates so young, nor in such numbers."

"Always (answered the Caloyer), by early initiation piety becomes in them habitual. Besides, by so doing, we take a heavy burden from the shoulders of the Papas, whose children they generally are; and at the same time, (added he, smiling a little), we abridge our own labours, by assigning to them those lower offices which otherwise we must ourselves perform."

"It has been matter of wonder to me (said Calliades), that the Greek church should permit some of its priests to marry, which the Romish so strictly forbids to all."

"Our church so far discourages it (answered the Caloyer), that it allows it only to the Papas, an inferior order of secular priests, who perform the most laborious offices of the sacred function, and can rise no higher in rank than Proto Papas, or vice priests; whereas from the Caloyers, who make the vows of obedience, chastity, and abstinence, all the superior officers of the church are selected,

lected, and the Papas are permitted to marry only *once*, swearing themselves to be virgins, and marrying virgins; so that if a wife dies immediately after her nuptials, it is never in the power of the Papas to make a second election.

“ Were I of your community (said Calliades), I fear I should think rising at midnight and exchanging my warm bed for the cold chapel, a very unpleasant matter.”

“ Ah! (said the Caloyer), you will never have a vocation for a convent, if that petty hardship startles you. There are many nights, the vigils of our greatest festivals, which we spend entirely in prayer. Some of our brethren deeming our conventual indulgences too great, and our large society too cheerful, commence anchorites; and two or three together inhabit some small house which belongs to the convent, where they exercise themselves in continual acts of mortification. Others, of tempers still more severe, become ascetics, or hermits, betake themselves to some frightful cavern, where, secluded from all society, eating but once a day of the coarsest food, and in quantity merely sufficient

cient to preserve life, they perpetually torment themselves with some painful penance."

The bell for mass now interrupting the conversation, Calliades descended from the garden to the chapel, where he was shewn a picture of the Virgin, which had been brought by angels from Judea, where it had not been properly revered. Here it was held in veneration, but not adored; for the Greek church anathematizes that kind of worship. Dinner immediately succeeded mass; after which Calliades made his adieus to the hospitable fathers, descended the mountain, and turned his steps to the more midland part of the island.

Through many delightful villages in his course back to Piscopia did our traveller pass, till the time he had allotted himself drew near its conclusion: when one morning ascending an eminence, he descried before him Idalia, one of those four cities anciently dedicated to Venus, and the only one which had resisted the slow destroying hand of time, or escaped the swiftly-overwhelming destruction of earthquakes. There is indeed a city called Paphos, but it stands on the western

side of the island; whereas the ancient Paphos, dedicated to the goddess, stood on the southern side.

No place on earth could excel in beauty the environs of this city. Its groves once so famed, that Venus was stiled the queen of the Idalian groves, were now as charming as when the goddess of love was worshipped under their leafy canopy. Two limpid rills meandered through the emerald plain, and glittered amidst the shades of the groves; the borders of the lovely streams adorned with flowers of every tint: their variegated beauties also spangled the plain, delighting the eye, and filling the air with fragrance.

But amidst this assemblage of charms which met the eyes of Calliades, there arose in his mind sensations by no means in unison with the surrounding scene: the implacability of Euryclea rose forcibly to his recollection, and the dangers and disgrace with which it had environed him.

Revolving these unpleasant subjects, he drew near the city, and observed not far from its entrance a stately castle, which immediately conjecturing to have been that of Me-

litus,

litus, he approached, and under the shade of a spreading plane tree stood gazing upon it. " There (said he to himself), dwells my inveterate enemy. Under that roof also resides the fair stimulative to my destruction; she whose priceless charms are debased by becoming the offered reward of my worthless head. Fair vision! whose fascinating image has accompanied me in all my wanderings, Oh! that fortune would vouchsafe me one casual view of thee, that I might know if the original bears resemblance to the portrait engraven on my heart."

He had scarcely formed the wish when he saw the gates of the castle thrown open, the draw-bridge let down, and several people coming out ranged in procession. His heart beat high with hope, Hermione might be among them. He pulled his scarf over his face, and advanced towards them.

First marched twelve female slaves, bearing in their hands lighted torches, and singing a funeral hymn. Next followed two ladies in the deepest mourning, their heads covered with long black veils, but thrown back, as if to give their tears uninterrupted flow.

One of them was evidently descending the meridian of life, but still retained sufficient beauty to attract general admiration, had not the young lady on whose arm she leaned evinced how far it was possible to surpass her. Never before had Calliades viewed a face and form so transcendantly lovely. His eyes were riveted upon her. "It is Hermione, (he cried), it must be Hermione." He was lost in an ecstasy of admiration. A thousand nameless emotions took possession of his heart as he gazed on those charming features, of which, as he moved with the procession, he never lost sight a moment, though they afforded no variety of remark, for her humid eyes were constantly bent on the ground.

The mournful cavalcade entered a grove of Cyprus trees, and stopped at a stately mausoleum erected in the midst of it, which was in the form of a pavilion, supported by columns of black marble, and adorned with rich sculptures. In the middle was a tomb of black marble, upon which, as large as life, was standing the statue of a warrior.

The twelve slaves fell back, six on each side; six players on the lyre did the same,

the

the rest of the company divided themselves; while the two ladies in the midst knelt on black velvet cushions on the lowermost of the marble steps which led to the tomb.

The lyres and singing now ceased, and a profound silence ensued, when on a sudden a single lyre began a strain of melancholy sweetness, accompanied by a melodious voice, which distinctly chanted a solemn invocation to the Deity to hear the prayers of the widow and orphan of Melitus, and revenge their wrongs on his murderer. The music and singing then ceased, and all again was silence.

The elder lady now changed her mourning position to one more erect, though still kneeling; she cast her streaming eyes towards Heaven, she lifted up her clasped hands, and cried in a tone of voice, which by its cadence denoted more of passion than devotion, "Thou Omniscient Being, who hast four times witnessed the solemn repetition of my vow, deign to bend thine awful ear, and once more hear it: and oh! strike me with instant death, let the earth open and swallow me in its marble jaws, or let some still more direful
 . 1 5 punishment

punishment seize me, if I give my daughter in marriage to any man who doth not first present me with the head and hand of Calliades, the son of Thrasyllus, the treacherous murderer of my husband."

Calliades shuddered with horror at this unfeminine, this unchristian vow; but when he saw the beauteous Hermione preparing to ratify it, his blood ebbed back in a cold current to his heart; yet his eye strings were strained, and all the faculties of his fluttered and confused soul concentrated in attention to her; while her fine eyes swimming in tears were lifted upwards, her snowy fingers clasped in each other, and gently raised; with a voice of ineffable sweetness, soft, melancholy, tremulous, she said, "By the great God of Justice I swear to conform to my mother's vow; nor wed any man, who does not first present me with the head and hand of Calliades, the son of Thrasyllus." Then her head bowed like a drooping lily on the shoulder of her mother, and one of her attendants hastened to support and prevent her sinking to the ground.

Petrified

Petrified at the scene, all the senses of Calliades were suspended, and he remained as unconscious of the objects around as the marble representative of the man he was said to have murdered, till the ladies were retired, and the crowd dispersed; when waking as it were from a deep sleep, he perceived only one man remaining, who was walking round the mausoleum, and inspecting it with a scrutinising eye.

Making an effort to shake off the sensations, as new as painful, which oppressed his heart, he entered into conversation with the companion which chance had given him, and was much pleased with finding a man of intelligence and information. Their opinions accorded in their admiration of some rings, and the censure of others in the structure and decorations of the mausoleum; and they conversed on the fine arts in general, and the different talents of the most eminent professors of them.

“ The Italians are (said Calliades), in the present day, what Greece was to the ancient world; and Florence is to Italy, what Athens was to Greece.”

"I thank you (said his companion, smiling) for this compliment to my city, for I am originally of Florence."

"Then pardon what I was going to add (resumed Calliades), which was, that superior as is the genius of the Italian, particularly of the Florentine, to the rest of the living world, yet never have the most labour-ed performances of their first masters in painting and statuary attained by many degrees the perfection of the Grecian. The fact is incontestible, and has been matter of wonder to me till the preceding hour, when the reason why it was impossible they should attain it struck me."

"I am impatient to hear it," said the Florentine.

"It is (answered the Cypriot), the want of those exquisite living models of beauty and grace after which the Grecians copied: consequently the Italian artist must ever remain deficient in that refinement, that elevation of ideas necessary to produce a perfect piece. For instance, what Italian face and form can vie with the young lady who was here just now? There is a model for a pain-

ter.

ter or a statuary! a model which must infuse the enthusiasm of genius into the breast of dullness, and convert a common artist into an Apelles or Praxiteles."

" Yes, she is a wonderfully fine young woman. But I think a model may be *too* perfect; and an artist will credit himself more by taking a likeness of a more common form."

" A common artist will succeed better doubtless in taking the resemblance of a common form; but consider how the *attempt* to copy the perfections of the model I speak of would refine his ideas of beauty, would exalt his conceptions of grace."

" I have three times attempted the likeness of that young lady, and could never please myself, nor do I find my conceptions much exalted by it."

" Yet how supremely blest must you regard yourself in the *permission* to attempt it!"

" I did not feel much exultation at so difficult a task."

" My God! you are a painter, Sir?"

" I am, Sir, and employed by the elder of the ladies who were here just now, in adorning

adorning her castle, and a hall which she is embellishing."

"Do you want an assistant?" cried Calliades eagerly.

"Very much—one that understands his business."

The eyes of Calliades brightened, his cheeks glowed. "It is unbecoming a man (said he), to be lavish in his own praise; yet I may surely be allowed to say, that I have been thought to possess some merit in the science; that I am an immoderate lover of it, and extremely desirous of perfecting myself by practice. Will you accept me?"

"Your services will be too highly rated for me to afford them."

"Not so. It is true I am not rich, but philosophy has taught me to contract my wants. I am abundantly more covetous of honour than wealth and should ask no other recompence for my labour than the pleasure of assisting you."

Had the Cypriot been years acquainted with the character of the Florentine he could not with more art have addressed himself to his ruling passion, which was avarice. "Ah!
ha!

ha! (he cried, with a look of pleasure), I perceive our bargain will be concluded without much difficulty, and with reciprocal satisfaction; you will have a pleasure in being employed, and I assure you I shall have great pleasure in employing you; and will promise you as much improvement as the constant practice of some months will afford."

"Agreed. Allow me one week for the dispatch of some necessary business, and the next two months I will devote to your service."

"Are you of this island?"

"I am a citizen of the world. There are few countries I have not visited to gratify my curiosity and thirst of knowledge."

"Your name?"

"Gordini."

"Well, signor Gordini, in a week I will expect you at the castle; inquire there for signor Banardo."

They parted mutually satisfied. Calliades first going to Idalia for some refreshment, and then hastening back to Piscopia in a very different state of mind from that in which he left it. His heart was now im-
pressed.

pressed with a passion to which it had hitherto been a stranger, which from the energy of his character acquired irresistible violence: a passion, which the peculiarity of attendant circumstances rendered distressing, dangerous, and to all but a lover's reason hopeless. But the extempore plan he had formed buoyed up his sinking spirits; he shut his eyes to the probable consequences of introducing himself into the house of the sanguinary pursuer of his life: he saw nothing there but Hermione; and silencing his reason, gave a loose to his imagination; built in the regions of fancy the most bewitching fabrics of future felicity, and threw himself unre-servedly into the hands of chance.

But, when he reached Piscopia, his sober friends there, undeluded by the visions of passion, endeavoured, when he unbosomed himself to them, to open his eyes to these perils which must necessarily environ him. In vain were all their remonstrances, though Phylla enforced her's with her tears. Calliades was immoveable; the husband and wife desisted with a mutual sigh from unavailing

opposition,

opposition, and sedulously prepared for his departure.

Cyriacus, on his arrival at Nicosia, had the mortification of being informed Thermanes had a few hours before sailed with some other young noblemen on a party of pleasure to Rhodes, where it was expected they would spend some weeks: he returned therefore immediately home, and would not be denied accompanying his lord to Idalia, and being the bearer of his necessary accommodations, among which he was careful not to omit placing some of the antique vessels, which he told Calliades might be of use, either to convert into specie, or as presents, should gifts upon any exigence be necessary.

At parting, the grief of Phylla was too poignant for concealment; to those apprehensions of danger which reason suggested, imagination had added ideal terrors, and dreams and omens seemed to assure her she beheld him for the last time. But though Calliades remained as unshaken by her potents as her arguments, he was far from being unaffected by her tender attachment, and his fortitude was insufficient to repel the
starting,

starting tear, when she clasped him fondly to her heart, and called it a *last* embrace.

When they reached Idalia, Cyriacus earnestly besought his lord's permission to remain there as some sinister accident might render his assistance requisite. But Calliades thinking that his presence might occasion suspicion, and be productive of more evils than it could prevent, preferred his going forwards to Nicosia, waiting there the return of Theramanes; and as the distance was not great between the two cities, should his assistance be wanted, he could in a few hours be recalled from the metropolis, or give his lord, by a letter, any notices of consequence. A person was taken from Idalia to carry the baggage of Calliades to the castle, and at its gates the foster-father and son took an affectionate leave.

CHAP. XXX.

BANARDO was much pleased at finding the young man punctual, for he had been extremely disposed to think that a person who had offered to work without remuneration, might probably forget his engagement. He presented this welcome assistant to his wife, of whom he was not a little proud, for she was very handsome: but conscious of a great disparity of years, and the unamiableness of his own person, he was extremely jealous of her; and if a by-stander had remarked this first interview with our hero, he would have pronounced the good man had abundant reason, so lavish was she of encouraging glances: but they were lost upon one rendered by the deep pre-occupation of his thoughts wholly insensible to the sentiments they were meant to convey.

As painting requires retirement, Euryclea had assigned Banardo for his residence a
pleasure

pleasure-house which had been erected in the garden of the castle, which consisted of one spacious room in the body of the building, and smaller ones in two wings which were connected to it by a corridor. To the farther apartment of one of these, which had a door that opened into an orange grove, Banardo at the hour of retirement conducted Calliades, informing him, that room and an adjoining closet should be entirely reserved for his use, where no one should presume to break in upon him, or in any manner interrupt him; for the crafty Italian deemed it prudent, as he took no pecuniary reward to render his residence as agreeable as possible.

The next morning behold our signor Gordini, with his pallet and pencils, seated in the work-room with Banardo, sketching and painting a trophy of piled arms, designed as an ornament for the picture of Euryclea's father: the jealous painter, anxious for his own reputation, watching the touches of his pencil, and in a few hours convinced that the scholar was far superior to his master. He was obliged to confess that the rich glow of the gold, the glittering brightness of the

steel,

steel, were well imitated: that the embossments were finely touched, and the whole had so bold a relief, that the eye might be deceived into the idea of its being a real pile of arms. This at least was the praise which Laura lavished upon it, accompanied with such bewitching smiles as might have rendered any other person vain; whilst Calliades, unconscious of her smiles or frowns, was listening to every footstep which approached the work-room in the tumultuous expectation of seeing Hermione. He had been informed by Banardo that she visited him most days, having herself a taste for drawing, and always designing the figures of her own embroidery; and that she sometimes set whole hours to see him work. This was the most agreeable intelligence our hero could possibly receive; he had been in expectation of her entrance from the moment he sat down, and it was wonderful that with his thoughts so differently employed, and the unsteadiness which the fluttering pulsations of his heart communicated to his fingers, he could so well execute this first specimen of his abilities.

Hermione,

Hermione, however, came not that day, nor several succeeding ones. Euryclea was much indisposed, and her daughter was too affectionately attentive to leave her. The next task assigned our young painter was much more agreeable to his taste, because he hoped it would more attract the notice of Hermione, for it was wreaths and festoons of flowers, as embellishments of the picture of Euryclea's mother. The whole heart of Calliades being in this piece, its execution was indeed admirable, and to his unspeakable rapture, as he was adding its last finishing touches, Euryclea entered, leaning on the arm of her beautiful daughter, whose transparent veil, adorning that heavenly countenance it was meant to conceal, was carelessly thrown overhead: a redundance of shining tresses flowed in artless ringlets on her fine-turned shoulders: and her snowy robe, which floated on the floor, was confined in graceful folds round her slender waist by a rich embroidered girdle, fastened by a buckle of emeralds.

Quitting the arm of her daughter, Euryclea went up to Banardo, inquiring into the progress

gress of his work as he was touching up the picture of her father, and declared her approbation of the trophy with which it was decorated; whilst Hermione, attracted by the flowers which she saw before the young artist, was so profuse in her expressions of admiration of them, as greatly heightened the natural glow of his cheek, and gave additional brilliance to his eyes.

“ Who have we here, signor, that paints so divinely?” said she to Banardo.

“ A learner in our art, lady, who wishes to work with me for improvement.”

“ A learner! *Improvement!* Heavens what tints! What lights and shades! See, madam, (addressing herself to her mother), observe this purple anemony, how admirably formed is its hollow cup, and how boldly the seeds rise from its centre.”

Euryclea expressed her approbation. “ Yes (said Banardo), the piece is really *very* well; no doubt but he will excel in time.”

To observe how this niggard praise affected him, Hermione looked in the face of the artist, for so intent had she been upon his work, that she had hitherto scarcely seen him;

him; their eyes met. "Heavens! (she exclaimed to herself), what fire of genius blazes in those eyes! What spirit and animation in that countenance! What grace in that fine form!" Her eyes reverted to the festoons; she was seized with a desire of imitating them, and signified to Euryclea her wish of being instructed in so doing by this artist.

Calliades cast down his eyes, lest they should betray his transport. Euryclea admired his modesty; whilst Hermione interpreting his silence into dislike of the task, inquired if he had any reluctance to undertaking it?

"Impossible! the office will render me happy," was all he dared articulate, conscious that the scrutinising eye of Euryclea was upon him; but who mistook the emotions of love for the tremors of diffidence, and was so pleased with a timidity so uncommon, that she not only approved her daughter's proposal, but gave consent to her immediately commencing his pupil.

So ardent was Hermione for improvement in her favourite science, that the very next morning she was in the work-room, seated

by

by her latent lover, sketching the festoon of flowers. Sometimes in doubt how to proceed, she turned her eyes towards his for instruction, whose chastened fires encouraged the ingenuous diffidence: and sometimes when he chose to think the guidance of her pencil erroneous, he pressed her soft fingers in teaching them their proper direction, and deemed the bliss of that moment cheaply purchased by the hazard of his life.

But the summons of Hermione to dinner closed the happiness of that day; Calliades sighed as she entered the castle, whither his eager eyes pursued her, and then feeling it impossible coldly to sit down to painting, he retired into the garden to indulge in the delicious retrospection of the past hour. Laura approached to give him notice his repast was prepared, and all the enchanting visions vanished.

This coquet had spared no pains in the decoration of her person: her robe fell round her neck and shoulders with such art, that like wet drapery it disclosed all the charms of her form; whilst the tight girdle, clasping close round her, evidenced the delicacy of

her waist. Her veil was adjusted in the most becoming manner; and her nails and the palms of her hands were stained with chenna, to render them more beautiful, while the embroidered sandals, highly raised, gave at least three inches to her height.

But Calliades was insensible to her attractions. Venus herself would have appeared a gorgon to him in this unfortunate moment: he made vague replies to her alluring speeches; and though he endeavoured to appear cheerful at dinner, Banardo remarked that his negatives and affirmatives were marvellously wrong placed. He would have thought him in love with his wife, had he ever caught his eye wandering towards her: but the Italian had sufficient penetration to observe he thought not of her, and, at ease in that important particular, he gave himself no farther trouble to investigate the subject which absorbed him.

The next morning, to the great mortification of our artist, Euryclea accompanied her daughter. But though he felt the restraint of her presence, the perfect innocence of Hermione, and her unaffected fondness

for

for the society of her mother, rendered her still more at ease than before, when she resumed her pencil.

Euryclea, after walking round inspecting what had been done, and giving new orders to Banardo, sat down by the side of her daughter. "Do you paint portraits as well as you do flowers, Gordini?" she said. Gordini signified modestly that he had *attempted* them. "You shall draw my daughter then, (she replied): Banardo has been unsuccessful at her resemblance; perhaps you will be more fortunate. I am extremely desirous of obtaining a perfect likeness of her, as a substitute for herself, whenever that time arrives which, by avenging us of our hateful enemy, will deprive me of her presence by marriage."

"I should be happy to oblige you, madam (he answered, with a sigh), but the task is indeed arduous; and it is very improbable that even in a *common* subject I should succeed, where my superior in the science failed. Yet with your permission I will make the trial, since it is no disgrace either to signor Banardo or myself to confess our skill inadequate

adequate to the imitation of a model which would have foiled Apelles himself.

Euryclea smiled. No panegyric is so grateful to a mother's ear as that of her darling daughter. Hermione consented to sit; but stipulated that it might be whilst she herself was drawing her flowers.

From the dingy blush which had overspread the face of Banardo, and the squinting leer of his eye during the recent conversation, the constraint, and the gloominess of his manner the remainder of the day, Calliades was convinced that his superior skill and the favour of his employers were regarded with envy by the Italian; and he called a council with himself on the best methods of eluding the baleful effects of this most malignant of passions. He had perceived enough of the Florentine's character to be assured, that could his avarice be gratified, he should have little to apprehend; profit, not honour, being his inciter to envy: but the great difficulty of the Cypriot was how to act consistently with his assumed character, and indulge the covetousness of the painter, without betraying himself.

These

These thoughts occupied him when he laid his head upon the pillow at night, and were the first which seized him on his awaking in the morning; many were the schemes planned and rejected; at length one occurred which pleased him better than the rest.

When the two artists were employed in the morning at their various tasks, "I am but a young man (said Calliades), but I have the vanity of thinking that in some abstruse sciences I have gained a superiority over many of my seniors."

"You call painting an abstruse science," said Banardo, gloomily, not taking his eye off his work.

"Ah! no, my dear master (the other replied); that is but boy's play, to confess the truth to one whose hospitality entitles him to my confidence; I have acquired no slight degree of knowledge in magic."

"*Magic!*" exclaimed Banardo, opening wider his eyes, which had been before half closed, and scarcely perceptible under the lowering shade of his bushy brows.

"Yes, magic, (replied Calliades); when I was in Spain I had the good fortune to effect

a very important service for an aged Moor, then in the train of the Granadian ambassador, but who was a native of the mountains of the moon in Africa, and an adept in all the occult sciences."

Calliades paused—"Well," cried Banardo, in that sort of tone which implies "Go on," for the good man was quite as credulous as our young magician could wish: nor ought his credulity to be regarded as a singular weakness, for few in that age but believed in magic, as well as judicial astrology.

"Well, Sir, (resumed Calliades), in return for the services I was so happy as to accomplish, he initiated me into that arcanum of nature which penetrates the wonders of the earth and air, and he taught me to subjugate to my absolute command the angels of the elements, as well as the demons of the lower regions."—Again he paused.

"This is vast power! (cried Banardo, with a look of unutterable astonishment), vast power indeed! The mines of gold and diamonds must by these means be known to you. I no longer am surprised at your
serving

serving me without emolument, since the riches of the world are at your command."

" True, (said Calliades) I have, as you remark, great riches at my command; but religion and philosophy have so moderated my desires, that a little contents me; and in this my art conduces to my happiness, for it procures me that little without the toil of labour, or the incumbrance of terraqueous possessions; so that I am not necessarily resident in any nation, or fixed to any spot under heaven, but can indulge my curiosity by ranging the globe at large; and I am really, as I informed you at our first interview, a citizen of the world: while, wherever I am, my attendant spirits bring me at my command a sufficiency for the exigency of the occasion."

" How happy! (exclaimed Banardo), O that I possessed the same divine secret! I would despoil every mine of its ore, and every rock of its gem."

" Philosophy, (replied Calliades, smiling), or perhaps indolence, has quenched in me this insatiable thirst for wealth; I detest its cares and incumbrances, nor would be fa-

tigued with the refinement of the ore, or the polish of the gem. I content myself in receiving from time to time, as I see occasion, that gold, and those jewels, ready prepared for my use, which avarice, fear, or accident, have deposited in the recesses of the earth, and time has rendered masterless. I will explain myself, and going one step farther in my confidence, shew you, my good friend, what my attendant spirit hath brought me since my residence with you."

He stepped hastily to his apartment, and in a moment returned with one of those golden vases which Cyniacus had discovered. " This (said he), was soon after my arrival brought me, and the demon informed me it was taken from one of those many temples erected in this island to the goddess of Love, and buried under its ruins by an earthquake, with many other vessels equally precious, the votive offerings of her libidinous adorers. Observe the exquisite taste of its antique form, the beauty of its embossments, and the lustre of the gems with which it is enriched: they are you see of the most valuable and rare kinds."

The

The wonder and admiration of Banardo were too great to be expressed by words; but Calliades had the satisfaction of seeing them in his countenance, and reading in his glouting and eager eyes the ardent wishes of his mercenary soul. " I perceive, (said he), that your taste is excellent, and that you admire, as it deserves, this specimen of the superiority of the ancients over the moderns in works of delicacy. Will you do me the favour of accepting it?"

The Italian stood suspended, as if not crediting his ears. " You will do me a pleasure (continued the Cypriot), in receiving this mark of my gratitude for your kindness. I hope to give you *other* testimonies of it; but, I must, (added he, hesitatingly, and with a mysterious air), I must not forget we are almost strangers; yet the time may arrive—at present I will say no more, than that I request no one but your wife may be acquainted with my real character, nor from whom you received this vase; for should you or she publish the circumstance, the demon who brought it would most assuredly reclaim it, and, as he is one of the most terrific kind, in

a manner that would extremely alarm you. Another request I have to make, which is, that no one will come uninvited to my apartment; for as I frequently summon my aërial acquaintance, they might be displeased with an interruption; and as I cannot always govern their ill-humour but in what relates to myself, the interruptor might be materially injured." This he said to deter Laura from visiting him, who was at his apartment in the morning to chide him, as she said, for his late rising, and whose designs upon his heart he began to penetrate.

Banardo lost not the most remote hint of the accomplishment of his ardent desires; he was abundant in promises of what was required, profuse in acknowledgements, and overwhelmed Calliades with protestations of eternal attachment. He then ran to deposit his treasure in a place of safety, and as he returned perceived Hermione crossing the garden towards the pleasure-house. No longer jealous of a superiority of talents, but, on the contrary, wishing they might be discovered infinitely greater than he supposed, well knowing that a man is best disposed to be pleased

pleased with others, when he is most satisfied with himself, the obsequious Italian ran to meet Hermione, conducted her to the young magician, would assist in placing her seat opposite to his, and in arranging all the necessary apparatus.

So entirely was his manner changed, that it was remarked by the daughter of Melitus, who admired the strength of mind in the painter that could repress those emotions of envy evident on their first interview, and teach himself cheerfully to resign the palm to merit, and wave the privileges of superior station.

Banardo then betook himself to his own work; but so absorbed was he in the delicious visions of a high-raised imagination, that he never before painted so ill, and was as abstracted from outward objects as the genius of secret love could have desired.

Hermione was now seated opposite to Calliades, who, whilst she was exercising her fancy on the flowers, was permitted the unrestrained liberty of gazing in her face, and perusing it at his leisure feature by feature. Each he found separately admirable: irresistibly fascinating.

cinating in union. He made so much use of his eyes, and so little of his pencil, that the tranquillity of Hermione found itself deranged; and the limner was warmed by a rising blush, and a charming confusion evident in the eye of his lovely model, to greater circumspection: and he took care to be more engaged with his work till he saw its wonted composure entirely restored to the expressive countenance before him.

So slowly had the picture proceeded, that not more than the general outline was sketched when Hermione was summoned to the castle: yet in that slight design the complaisance of Banardo discovered an astonishing resemblance; and though the partiality of the Italian for the generous magician might a *little* incline him to flattery, yet Euryclea, whose impatience to see it brought her in the afternoon to the work-room, declared herself of the same opinion.

The next day presented the same scene. The attention of Calliades was not abated to the features he was to delineate. Hermione, called upon to be less regardful of her own drawing, found her reflections insensibly engaged

gaged on the extreme variety of the human face, particularly the inexpressible dissimilarity of the human eye. Banardo had several times attempted her picture: in sitting she had been taught to fix her eyes on his; which she did with the same placidity as on those of a statue: yet the painter's eye was not destitute of sober sensibility; was attentive—reflective.

How different were the eyes of signor Gordini! they were modest, they were even timid; yet their soft expression confused her, and their frequent irradiations seemed to pierce like sun-beams her heart. In sweet disorder her eyes withdrew from their fascinating glance; yet still recurred, as if by enchantment, to the seducing object, and a tender intercourse of soul was insensibly established, for which she had no name, nor did she adventure to ask herself if it were proper to cherish it.

Hermione now sighing when she returned to the castle, and restless but when setting for her picture, at such times neglected her flowers to place her face in a proper position, or give the most pleasing and animated expression

pression to those eyes which he frequently informed her he was then delineating. The portrait, however, notwithstanding the frequent and long sittings, went on surprisingly slow; and the limner, conscious it must be thought to do so, took care to impress on all who saw it the extreme difficulty of taking the resemblance of such a face. He found none insensible to the justice of the remark, and all gave him credit for the singular pains he took with it, for it evinced itself by a superlatively speaking likeness. Even the impatience of Euryclea was suspended by her admiration of the rising beauties of the piece, and the assurances of Calliades that its perfection would be proportioned to the time allowed him; for to hurry in so delicate a portrait, were to spoil it, as every thing must be accomplished by the nicest and most careful touches.

But in despite of all procrastinations, the delightful task of Calliades drew to its close, and he sighed at the idea of felicity departing. The melancholy expression of his eyes communicated itself at the last sitting to the lovely features he had been copying. He

saw

saw in them a languor he had never before remarked, which he thought still more beautiful than the sparkling animation for which all beholders admired the portrait. He had now finished. An interesting glance was exchanged as they rose from the opposite sides of the table, and a reciprocal sigh heaved the bosom of both.

Euryclea, who had been too much indisposed for some days to walk to the work-room, hearing from her daughter that the portrait was finished, ordered the artist to bring it to her. He found her and Hermione in a spacious apartment, sitting on sofas elevated somewhat above the floor; and below them, on cushions, sat their women and slaves, who were variously employed, some in embroidery, some in spinning, some in preparing wool, silk, and cotton, some in throwing the flying shuttle through the snowy threads of the loom; whilst Hermione, who was directress of their labours, was forming a new creation with her needle; and an old slave was amusing them by reciting a romantic tale from her well-stored memory.

Calliades

Calliades placed the portrait before Euryclea on the opposite tapestry, and a murmur of wonder and applause ran through the assembly. The widow of Melius expressed her satisfaction by tears of pleasure. "You are, (said she), the first of painters, and have by this performance given me the most exquisite delight. But the next task I mean to assign you is, one which, the better you perform, and I look to you for perfection, will give me pain in equal proportion."

"Then Heaven forbid, madam, that I should undertake it," said hastily Calliades, interrupting her.

"Hear me (said she, with a stern countenance), and learn to obey my desires in silence; and you too, my daughter, I forbid saying one word to dissuade me, for *I am determined.*"

Hermione bowed in silent obedience, for the last words of her mother were spoken with that peculiar emphasis which she well knew denoted inflexibility. "My husband (resumed Euryclea), was basely and inhumanly murdered: you must describe the
horrible

horrible transaction with your pencil, and I will have it set about immediately."

Words were not necessary to convince all present of the extreme repugnance the artist felt for this task. After a moment's pause he kissed the hem of her robe with an air of profound respect. "I dare not remonstrate (said he, madam); in all things will I obey you. But as I am unacquainted with the circumstances of the sad story I am to delineate, will you, madam (turning to Hermione), when next you honour the work-room with your presence, condescend to narrate them to me?"

Hermione looked at her mother, who replied to the intelligible glance with an answer of acquiescence; and the limner with an air of reverence withdrew.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE next morning Euryclea hurried her daughter earlier than usual to the work-room, that no time might be lost in beginning the picture. She blushed when she found the artist alone, Banardo being engaged in some decorations at the castle. But Calliades not only forgot his absence, but even that Hermione was to be the narrator of the story, as he sat in breathless expectation of a tale which was to disclose those reasons that had fixed dishonour on his name, and infamy on his character. Mingled rage and amazement seized him when he learned those very people were the authors of the detestable calumny who had been the objects of his father's clemency, and to whom were trusted the testimonies of the desires of the dying Melitus.

From

From the authority of eye-witnesses, one of them supposed to be a man of honour, the other a slave of fidelity, Calliades no longer wondered at the credit the tale had acquired, nor was surprised at the inexorable resentment of Euryclea. “ Her anger, (said he to himself), is doubtless more sanguinary than generally attends a female mind; but it originates in ardent affection, and is kept alive by the constancy of the firmest love. Is there no way to exculpate myself from this horrid charge, clear my innocence, and, instead of hate, become an object of esteem to a soul so ardent and unchangeable in its attachments? Is it impossible?—No, there is yet *one* way—Yes—(said he aloud, starting from the reverie in which, to the astonishment of Hermione, he had been lost from the moment she had concluded her narration)—and there is *but* one way. *Where* is this villain, madam?”

Alarmed at his inflamed countenance, his eyes darting fire as he spoke, mistaking also the person to whom he alluded, “ Alas! (she answered), we are ignorant where he *now* resides.

fides. Many gallant knights have attempted the punishment of his treachery, but without success."

"You *hate* this Calliades?" said he, gazing eagerly on her.

"*Hate* him! *Ought* I not?"

"My God! (said he, putting his hand on his forehead), this is too much!" He started up, strode several times up and down the room; then approaching her with a softened air, "O Hermione! (he sighed),—yes, you doubtless ought to hate him, as he appears to you through the medium of his villainous traducers."

"*Traducers*!"

"Yes, by heaven, *traducers*!—that infamous slave, Lico—that disgrace to knight-hood, Lysias, whom you love—who invented this horrible calumny to secure you to himself."

"You are inexplicable, Signior," said Hermione, with a blush of anger, the appearance of which restored Calliades more expeditiously to himself than a volume of documents on the impropriety of behaviour.

"Your

"Your pardon, (said he, tenderly touching her hand, and then withdrawing his own, as if apprehensive of presuming too much)—yet tell me, is it not so? Possesses not the happy Lyfias your heart?—and has he not your fervent wishes for the destruction of this Calliades?"

"No, on my honour—he is of all human beings my aversion."

"Tell me then—in compassion, tell me, who is the blessed mortal, that, by presenting you the relics of this unfortunate young man, you wish should entitle himself to the rapacious reward?"

He fixed his piercing eyes on hers, as if impatiently anticipating the reply, by looking into her heart. Her eyes sunk under the ardent gaze; her face was crimsoned over with blushes; she trembled—she flammered—she hesitated; but either words did not offer themselves, or articulation was denied.

No part of the interesting confusion of the emphatic silence was lost upon him. He made his own comments, nor urged any other answer; and the glowing Hermione,
in

in a sweet abstraction, was insensible for some moments that her hand was clasped in his, till the increasing ardour of the fond pressure gave her the first warning of it. She then gently drew it from him, but without any symptoms of anger; probably because she heard its loss deplored with a deep and heavy sigh.

Not daring farther to embarrass her, by translating into vulgar speech the volumes which heart had spontaneously communicated to heart, Calliades inquired where Lyfias resided, and why he had never proved his assertions by his sword? and learned that he had a long time left Cyprus declaredly for that purpose, carrying with him Lico, whom he had taken as a servant since the death of Melitus. "But why, (added Hermione) do you call him a traducer?"

"Because it was his *interest* so to be. Because love, avarice, ambition, combined with an unprincipled heart to render him so.—Ah! Hermione, thou art a prize, for which not only saints would forego their hopes of heaven, but even angels their possession of it."

"Thou

"Thou art certainly mad," said she, smiling at this rant.

"Believe me so, (he answered), rather than be offended at what I say. But let me entreat you to reflect a moment upon the circumstances of this dark story, and then tell me if you think it probable—nay, more, if you deem it *possible*, that a youth of eighteen—youth we know is the creature of education and example—a young man, educated under the eye, and formed by the example of his father; a man who was never known to deviate from the strictest paths of honour; the heir of ample possessions, of high expectations from the gratitude of the queen, who at that time there was little probability of driving from the throne; that this youth, whose temper had never before, nor ever since, evinced itself ferocious, whose manners were thought not unamiable, should, to acquire a fortune, which yet he did not want, to possess a lady, whom he had never seen, forget in one moment the virtuous precepts of his education, the example of his ancestors, the feelings of humanity, plunge at once into crimes which a veteran sinner would shudder at—commit
the

the most unexampled outrage on all laws divine and human. Tell me, angel of a woman, *ingenuously* tell me, if you think it possible?"

"As you have stated the matter, I think not."

"I have stated it justly. Yet these circumstances unweighed, on the testimony of a mercenary slave, on the mere word of a knight, whose name is unknown in the annals of honour, is this youth condemned unheard. Nay, more, this fair hand is made the stimulus for shedding his blood; is held out as the incentive, and the reward of a sanguinary, an unchristian, as well as causeless revenge. And as he has evidenced himself not easily overcome in fair combat, he will probably—so great is the temptation to his murder—fall by a secret stab; and the beautiful, the compassionate, the pious Hermione, become by that means the property and the companion for life of a vile assassin."

She shuddered, she sighed—"What *can* I do?" (she exclaimed).

"Lay those reasons before your mother."

"Alas!

"Alas! you know not my mother. She would be in a rage at my merely attempting the subject, nor hear me a word. She forbade Theramanes her presence, nor would for a long time see him, though his mother is her most favourite friend, because on his return to Cyprus he spoke highly of Calliades. No, (she continued, bursting into tears), I must resign myself to wretchedness—I have sworn—my vow is recorded in heaven—and never—never will I, whatever torture wrings my heart, be undutiful to my mother, or perjured before my God——."

The entrance of a slave, to inform Hermione that her presence was required to entertain some company just arrived from Nicosia, interrupted the conversation. She pulled her veil over her face, and hastily withdrew. On her departure, Calliades found his own thoughts such unpleasant companions, that he sat down in earnest to obey Euryclea.

He sketched out the two principal figures of the piece, which were Melitus and himself; the hurry and confusion of the battle

being to form the back ground. After having adjusted the attitudes, the next consideration was what countenance he should give the assassin. To afford him his own personal resemblance was out of the question; but he was unwilling to clothe him in a disgusting form, well knowing that whatever ideas were excited by this representation of Calliades, would be, by those who never saw him, attached to Calliades himself: and he could not support the apprehension of becoming in the imagination of Hermione a vulgar or contemptible object, though constrained to remain a hated one. He formed therefore a manly countenance, a good figure, though the features were rendered harsh, and somewhat distorted by a strong expression of rage and malevolence.

With unremitting application he worked the whole day at the piece, scarcely allowing himself leisure for refreshment; though much importuned not to fatigue himself by the Italian, now rendered the most obsequious of men, by a present of another rich cup, and some intelligible hints of being at some future period initiated into the honourable

society

society of magicians; but the importunate officiousness of Laura was abundantly more troublesome, and he found it necessary to assume a roughness of manner not natural to him, to rid himself of her company.

With such diligence did our young painter pursue his work, that it not requiring the softness and finish necessary in more delicate subjects, it was astonishingly forward by the time when the impatient Euryclea, in the morning, sent her daughter to see if he had begun it, and to instruct him in the propriety of treating the subject.

Calliades thought it fortunate that Barnardo was still engaged at the castle, for he longed again to converse with Hermione on the subject of his own story. "Have you reflected, (said he), madam, upon what I said yesterday, in exculpation of this young man, whom I am necessitated to place in a situation so debasing?"

"Indeed, (answered Hermione), I have thought of nothing else. There seems to be infinite reason in what you advanced. But why did those reasons never occur to any other person? Is it, (added she smiling),
 L 2 that

that you possess more penetration than the rest of the world? Or has it happened that you are better informed?"

"I will not, (answered he, returning the smile,) assume a merit I deserve not—I am better informed; and would you have the goodness to listen to me a few minutes, you would learn very different circumstances than those communicated by your slave."

She cast her eyes upon the hour-glass—"Time speeds, (she replied); but you have so powerfully excited my curiosity, I will hazard some moments for its gratification—be concise."

He then, without further preface and in as few words as possible, informed her of every occurrence, from the first finding Melitus wounded in the field, to the sending his body home to the castle. "This, madam, (added he after the recital), is the TRUTH on which I will pledge my life and honour. You will wonder how a stranger should become so well acquainted with the *real* circumstances of this darkly-involved affair; but I had them from an old and faithful domestic of Thrasyllus, who attended your noble

father

rather from the moment he was brought into
 her master's house, nor left the body till it
 was placed in the funereal litter : whose faith
 was unimpeached ; who had no interest to serve
 by falsehood, for her lord was dead, and his
 son banished ; but whose testimony your mo-
 ther refused to hear."

Hermione listened in unutterable astonish-
 ment. " I have not words, (said she), to ex-
 press the sensations your narration have ex-
 cited." Again she cast her eyes upon the
 hour-glass, and wiping from her vermeil
 cheeks the tears which streamed over them,
 " How unfit am I, (she said), to return to
 company, and give or receive entertainment!
 Yet, to this I am condemned."—Her veil
 was again of use to conceal her sensibility.

From the intelligence which Hermione
 gave of his progress, Euryclea did not long
 defer her visit to the painter, her guests and
 daughter accompanying her. They found
 Calliades intently employed on the picture,
 and Banardo and his wife with him.

The widow of Melitus eagerly ran up to
 the picture ; on the first glance she expressed
 her approbation of the assiduity of the artist :

but on a nearer view of it her expressive countenance exhibited unequivocal marks of displeasure.

“ I have not the happiness of pleasing you, madam,” said Calliades, with a look of disappointment.

“ Please me! No. You have made a man where you should have made a monster.—Can that countenance, in which there is so little horrid—that person, which is tall and not ungraceful, belong to Calliades?—Impossible! You should have made him ghastly and loathsome; of fallow leaden complexion, frightful and distorted features, low and deformed stature.”

“ Pardon me, madam, that would not be the picture of Calliades, who, though not celebrated for beauty, is not remarkable for ugliness. The figure you suggest, therefore, would by no means resemble him.”

“ If it does not, it ought to do so, (she replied tartly); and if you fear my displeasure you will paint it so.”

“ I would sacrifice something more considerable than the features of this assassin to the apprehension of incurring your displeasure,

pleasure, madam, (he replied); and I pledge my word, that when you see him next he shall not offend you by his beauty."

This assurance restored the good humour of Euryclea, who soon after left the room, taking the ladies with her to view the garden; leaving Hermione to do the honours of the paintings to three gentlemen, who expressed a desire to look farther among them.

No longer restrained by her presence, the gentlemen, who were of a species of which all nations abound, became extremely troublesome in running from place to place, discomposing the whole œconomy of the room, and pulling every thing about. Calliades bore this impertinence with perfect good humour, till they attacked a pile of board which lay before him, primed and prepared for painting; and which he, with as much civility as he could command, requested them not to meddle with. But, in attempting to turn it over, they having had a glimpse of a lady's picture, he would have found it impracticable to restrain their boisterous inquisition without the interference of Hermione, to whom he applied, and whose remonstrance

restrained their rudeness; though she, as well as Laura, had a transient view of the object of contention, and felt at least equal curiosity with the gentlemen, though both carefully concealed it in their own breast.

After desisting most reluctantly from their efforts to see the lady's picture, these connoisseurs began to display their judgement on the several paintings before them, and their skill in the requisites of perfect piece, and, by a thousand ridiculous criticisms and foolish questions, afforded indubitable symptoms of the profoundest ignorance.

Then one began to coquette with Laura; another capered about the room in a dance; whilst the third put his hair in order by the mirror which was in Hermione's parasol or fan, for it answered either purpose, and then admired, in rapturous terms, the peacock's feathers of which it was composed, the snowy whiteness of its ivory handle, and the neatness of the mirror which was placed in the midst.

They then seated themselves, and having heard the painter was a great traveller, questioned him in the most absurd manner imaginable

ginable concerning the customs of other nations; or whether he ever saw another people so refined, so gallant, or so well dressed as the Cypriots?

Calliades, after giving all due honour to the inhabitants of Cyprus, of whom he professed himself a great admirer, said, that though he confessed them highly refined, yet he must presume to assert the Italians were still more so. They declared themselves impatient to be informed in what particulars this superiority consisted. Calliades answered, that time would not allow his enumerating the whole, and he would instance only the manner of their eating, in which a delicacy was observed peculiar to themselves, he believed, as he had never remarked it among any other people, which was the custom of using a little fork, made either of iron, or steel, or silver, according to the ability of the owner, which they fasten into the meat with their left hand, as they cut it with the knife in their right; and a person would be hooted from their tables who should presume to lay their fingers upon the meat: for though

in all nations it was disgraceful to eat with unwashen hands, the Italians thought the ceremony of ablation was too frequently omitted. With this little fork also they lifted the morsel to their mouths, detesting the greasy practice of dipping the fingers into the plate.

All were unanimous in approbation of this improvement in the science of eating; and the neatness of it pleased Hermione so much, she declared herself determined to follow the Italian fashion.

After exhausting this subject, they sat some moments silent, looking at Calliades, who was sedulously labouring to turn his man into a monster; an arch smile now and then transiently passing over his countenance at his successful attempts.

This silence, so unnatural, was of short continuance; one of the gentlemen, whose name was Calvo, suddenly cried out, "As I see that you have abundance of materials ready for painting, I beg that the *very moment* you have finished this picture of Calliades killing Melitus, you will begin one representing me killing Calliades, which I will present

present to Euryclea as its companion on our marriage; for I intend immediately to seek the caitiff, chop off his head and hand, and purchase with them the divine Hermione for a wife." Looking as he spoke so impertinently in her face, as greatly offended Calliades, who frowned and bit his lips, whilst the living fire flushed from his eyes. A moment's survey of this rival changed his fury into contempt.

"As the vanquishing this caitiff, (said he, in a tone of irony), with whom so many gallant knights have contended in vain, may not be accomplished even by the redoubtable Calvo at the first onset, he will, I hope, have the goodness to allow me leisure for cleaning my pencils, and preparing properly my colours, and not insist upon my spoiling the record of his victory by my overhaste in completing it."

"It is true, (said another of these gentlemen, by name Timanes), that it has been the good fortune of the traitor, Calliades, to overcome those by whom he ought to have been vanquished. Yet though treachery and villany sometimes prevail over justice, they

are not *always* triumphant, as *I* hope to prove ; for as *I* may, without vanity, boast of some skill in arms, *I* expect to accomplish what so many brave unfortunates have attempted unsuccessfully."

" So then, Sir, (said Calliades smiling), it is you, not the illustrious Calvo, *I* must draw in the action of killing this monster : how happy am *I* in learning your intention before *I* begin my piece, as it saves me the trouble and loss of time of expunging his head to make room for yours ! "

" Oh ! they will slay him just alike, (said the third, laughing affectedly). Set your heart at rest, Signior Painter, (assuming with as little nature a solemn tone). Reserve your canvas for *ME*. It is *I* will be your hero ; *I* alone that will revenge this injured family on the base poisoner, who, at one fell stroke, destroyed the hero, the husband, and the father."

" Another competitor ! (exclaimed Calliades, endeavouring with no great success to repress a violent fit of laughter). *I* can only say, gentlemen, that, before *I* begin my piece, *I* must trouble you to settle between yourselves

yourselfes who shall achieve this business : for you have such different faces, one being long, another short ; one great, another little ; one an overhanging forehead, another one of immeasurable length ; that it will be impracticable to change your visages handsomely."

"Your are impertinent, Signior," said the gentleman of the overhanging forehead, who having recently perused his features in the *parafol*, had them in fresh memory, and did not feel himself flattered by the remark.

"I am sorry you think so, (said Calliades, with a careless air) ; but it is a painter's business you know accurately to discriminate features, and I was desirous of saving myself the trouble, and another the mortification, of having his face expunged, and all his glories blotted out to make room for another head ; which, after all, being of a different size and figure, would disgrace my piece, and evince the extreme absurdity of painting a triumph before the victory is obtained."

The gentlemen knew not how decently to retain their anger at the freedom of the artist, though they felt a reluctance to dismiss it.

They

They soon left him, and at dinner renewed the subject uppermost in their thoughts.

“These fellows, (said Calvo), flattered by their admirers, are the most malapert and intolerable animals on earth. Let me die, if my respect for Hermione had not restrained me, if I would not have beaten the impertinate puppy to a mummy.”

“Ah! ah! (said Giraud laughing), your vanity is wounded at his critique on your forehead—for my own part, having nothing to fear from ill-natured remark, I set the scoundrels at defiance, and divert myself with their plebeian attempts at wit. You saw how I tormented him about the picture of his mistress. I had no curiosity to see the dirty dowdy; but the joy was in teizing the rascal.”

“May I lose my spar-hawk in its first flight, (said Temanes), if I believe the original of that picture is either dirty or a dowdy. Did you observe the old painter’s young wife? Blooming as spring, and free as air!—What an eye the rogue has!—I hate to be scandalous, but—you understand me?

I would.

I would let my best falcon against a crow that I am right."

"May the wind fail me in my voyage to Rhodes to-morrow, if I do not think so! (said Giraud), and it would be an excellent piece of fun to inform the wrinkled-faced Italian, what a careful assistant he has.— Ha! ha! ha! I dare say the intrigue would soon be terminated, for his countrymen are devilishly ingenious in composing anodyne draughts."

"Then may I be cursed, (said Calvo), if I do not afford him the friendly office of procuring him one!"

Hermione, by expressing her disapprobation of its sentiments, put an end to a conversation at once foolish and malignant, and the company soon after departed. But notwithstanding the fair daughter of Melitus despised the speakers, their remarks had made an impression on her mind so exquisitely painful, that desirous of weighing, without interruption, the probability of their truth, she walked into the garden, and sought its most secluded paths.

She

She had wandered but a short time in the most retired part, ere through the broken foliage of the alley she was in she saw Calliades reclining in deep thought by the side of a fountain, and her timid steps were involuntarily turning to the path which would have brought her to him, when her eyes were blasted by the sight of Laura hastening to him from an opposite alley, and the artist jumping up with alacrity to meet her.

Not doubting but it was an assignation, and confirmed by it in every torturing supposition, she hurried back to the castle, flew up into her own chamber, where, finding her nurse alone, she, in an agony of mind not to be restrained, threw herself into the arms of that faithful domestic, and burst into a passion of tears.

As this is the second personage of the same kind I have introduced in the course of a few pages, lest my fair readers should ridicule my supposed predilection for this order of females, I beg leave to observe, that the Greek ladies, from an opinion of its being
prejudicial.

prejudicial to health and beauty, never afford their children that nutriment which nature offers on their birth; but previously select, as a matronly substitute, some healthy young married woman, of amiable character, who is allotted apartments in the house, is ever after incorporated into the family: her affection to her adopted child is generally as ardent through life as that of the real parent; if it is a girl, she is appointed her governess, and most commonly when she grows up becomes her confidante.

“What ails my child, my darling?— (questioned the tender Apfilia);—what sorrow oppresses her gentle spirit? Cannot all our cares shield her from misfortune?— Pour your griefs, my love, into this faithful bosom; let me participate, if I cannot lighten them.”

But Hermione was ashamed of disclosing sentiments which she was unwilling to avow even to herself. She kissed off the sympathetic drops which stood on the cheek of Apfilia; disclaimed every other cause of sorrow

sorrow than an unusual depression of spirits; and expressed hopes of regaining her accustomed tranquillity upon her pillow.

Alas! sleep some hours hovered over that downy pillow ere it seated itself on the silken fringed eyelids of Hermione; for reflecting on the change which a few short days had effected in her heart, and the intelligence which the preceding day had afforded, she was lost in a labyrinth of difficulties: which ever way she turned her bewildered view she saw duties jarring—passions revolting against them and reason; while the vultures of jealousy were tearing her soul.

Repeated vows had consigned her to the vanquisher of Calliades. That Calliades, whom she had recently discovered, not only guiltless of the death of her father, but his beneficent supporter in his last hours, and the husband which his dying commands had assigned her. How was this guardian knot to be disentangled? On one side was perjury, and disobedience to her mother; on the other, ingratitude to the benefactions of her

her father, and rebellion against his authority.

Yet could these clashing obligations be reconciled, how could she submit to either; and take for husband Calliades, or the vanquisher of Calliades, whilst signior Gordini, eminent in mental endowments, adorned with every personal grace, reigned with unbounded sway the lord of her affections?—Yet, alas! as inferior in station as superior in person and mind, her choice of him would in the same moment subject her to perjury, to parental disobedience, to the ridicule of the world—“ Insupportable!”—(she cried).

But, ah! still more insupportable, if it were possible, she felt the idea of his attachment to Laura, of which she could have no remaining doubt, for did not her own eyes witness the assignation? To a *worthy* rival, she told herself, to a connection which would have conduced to his honour and happiness, she hoped to have possessed sufficient generosity and firmness to have resigned him *cheerfully*. But to a *married* wo-

man;

man; to adultery—infamy on earth—eternal punishment after death—her eyes streamed till the source of tears seemed exhausted, and the heaviness of grief weighed down their dewy lids.

CALLIADES, having languished himself by a whole application to painting the whole day, sought in the evening the cool air of the garden, in which to rest himself and indulge in some agreeable meditations. But as he laid carefully by the side of the fountain where Hermione desired him, his senses were soon disturbed by the approach of Laura, who had seen him go into the garden, and followed him.

He had jumped up as Hermione saw, and met her with a smile; but his heart not answering a speech of welcome, he met her in silence. Both the heart and tongue of Laura were more prompt. "Ah! (cried she, starting in an air of surprise), my young master here!—May I approach without fear, engaged with your secret companion of penitently making like a love-ficklen

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

CALLIADES, having fatigued himself by a close application to painting the whole day, sought in the evening the cool air of the garden, in which to rest himself and indulge in solitude some agreeable meditations. But as he laid carelessly by the side of that fountain where Hermione descried him, his reveries were soon disturbed by the approach of Laura, who had seen him go into the garden, and followed him.

He had jumped up as Hermione saw, and met her with a smile: but his heart not dictating a speech of welcome, he met her in silence. Both the heart and tongue of Laura were more prompt. "Ah! (cried she, assuming an air of surprise), my young magician here!—May I approach without fear? Are you engaged with your aerial companions, or pensively musing like a love-stricken swain?"

swain?" Her eyes, as she spoke, languishing meretriciously on his, whilst she adjusted her veil to display her lovely hand and arm.

"I was alone, madam, but debating with myself which of my aërial friends I should summon."

"Ah! for mercy sake postpone the decision till I am gone, lest I expire with the fright. This charming solitude was surely formed for other purposes than magical incantations. Insensate!—why neglect the real enjoyments of life, and explore the dull earth for its dirty treasure?"

"I was meditating a present for you—a gold cup enriched with gems."

"I could point out a present far more acceptable to me than all the riches of the world united."

"I should be most happy to make it, if in my power."

"Give me then your heart."

"Ah! (said he affectedly, sighing), how wretched am I, that is a present not in my power to make!—If it had not been previously flown, it must have been yours the first moment I beheld that beauteous face."

Flatterer!

"Flatterer!—tell me then where it lies concealed, that I may steal it thence."

"Excuse me. I leave the discovery to your own penetration."

"I am no forcerefs, my amiable magician—I poffefs no skill in difcovering hidden treasures. Inform me then?" added ſhe, laying her hand on his, and looking tenderly on him.

"Ah! (ſaid he, taking her hand and kiſſing it), ſay not you are no forcerefs, for your ſpells are far ſuperior to mine: even now I feel them entangling my ſoul by the witchcraft of thoſe eyes—I muſt fly their fascinations, or turn traitor to my liege lady. Farewel! (added he, again kiſſing her hand and ſighing over it)—Farewel, too lovely enchantreſs!"—And away he flew, leaving his lovely enchantreſs ſpeechleſs with ſhame and fury, at his having eſcaped her ſpells.

The circumſtance of the picture recurred to her maddening thought, and not doubting but that would diſcloſe the ſecret, the moment that ſhe imagined he was retired to his apartment, ſhe hurried to the work-room, turned over, with trembling fingers, the
primed

primed canvas, and discovered the exact copy of the picture which had been drawn from Hermione, which Calliades having executed at those times when Banardo was absent, had placed among the canvas for concealment, whence he could readily draw it when he had opportunity of finishing it.

The most infernal rage seized her soul from common beauties, consciousness of her own attractions would have flattered her with the hope of being able to subvert his affections; but the superlative charms of Hermione plunged her in despair, and she retired with a head teeming with plans for revenging her slighted love, and a temper fitted to execute the most diabolical vengeance on her supposed happy rival.

That rival, though, alas! not happy, actuated by a hope of finding some opportunity of seeing the concealed picture, in the original of which she was willing to flatter herself with some faint hopes of being mistaken, and thinking that even the certainty of the worst would be more tolerable than her present excruciating state of doubt and apprehension, took her way in the morning to the work-room,

room, under pretence of consulting the artist on the subject for a set of hangings.

Laura saw her enter, and knowing that the interview must be a private one, Banardo being employed in the castle, no other scheme of mischief that moment presenting itself, she ran with malignant haste to Euryclea, to apprize her of an intrigue so little suspected, and to infuse into a breast so susceptible of the violence of passion, a fury similar to her own.

Unconscious of the impending storm, our young artist was recommending to his fair pupil, the history of Joseph, for the subject of her embroidery, as its various scenes would afford ornaments for the whole room, and give a unity of design not always observable in works of the same kind. "For one frequently sees, (said he), in one room a ridiculous medley of subjects. I recollect one, in a nobleman's house in Portugal, which had on one side, Abraham offering his son Isaac; on another, Alexander in the tent of Darius; on the third, the death of Adonis; and on the fourth, St. Anthony preaching to the fishes."

Impatient to lead to the subject nearest her heart, yet at a loss how to effect it, Hermione, when she had finished the ostensible part of the visit, sat silent with an air of vexation and perplexity; and Calliades, who saw something had distressed her, and imagined it the subject of the preceding day's conversation, was considering if it were prudent to renew it, when she suddenly, and with an effort to smile, cried, "Those were fine judges of painting I brought to see you yesterday."

"Connoisseurs of the first rank," (he replied, returning her smile with much more sincerity).

"And yet, (said she, hesitatingly), they greatly embarrassed you."

"How, my dear madam?"

"By their impertinent curiosity in regard to the picture."

"Oh! the picture! (said he with a deep blush). Yes, I own—I confess—I did not wish them to see it."

"It was evident you did not—I suppose because it would have discovered the mistress of your heart," attempting again to smile, but with still less success.

"Indeed,

"Indeed it would, and I am inexpressibly obliged to you for interfering in my favour."

"Yet you would be unwilling to requite the obligation in the manner I wish?" said she, in a low and timid voice.

"In *any* and *every* manner you wish," he answered in a tone and with a look of ardency.

"Let me see it?"

He searched in her eyes for the secrets of her heart, but was still irresolute. "I *dare* not," said he, after some pause.

"You dare not! (she repeated, gaining courage from his timidity). What am I to think, that you apprehend my censure for loving with impropriety?"

"Impropriety is a word of vast import, when used indefinitely: will you favour me with particularising in *what* you suppose consists the impropriety of my passion?"

"In loving a lady not sufficiently handsome—one not strictly virtuous—or one—who *is the wife of another*," said she hesitatingly, and with a peculiarity of emphasis, which disclosed to the penetrating Calliades

her supposition, and determined him in a moment how to act.

“ My love, (said he), possesses none of these improprieties; the object of it has the purity, as well as beauty, of an angel, and is engaged to no man. Ah! it is on the opposite account I fear your censure. I dread your frowns for presumptuously aspiring to one so transcendantly lovely, that even your own charming person and mind do not excel hers.”

“ Do you think me capable of the meanness of envy, Signior? (said she, with a blush of anger), that you deem it necessary to qualify the extravagant praises of your mistress with fulsome flattery of me?”

“ I am reduced, (said he), to a distressing dilemma. By not gratifying your curiosity, I perceive I incur your anger—and, if I gratify it, hazard your eternal displeasure—Teach me how to act?”

“ The last predicament seems to be doubtful—my anger is *certain* on refusal.”

“ You have decided, (said he, placing the picture before her, enveloped as it was in the prepared

prepared canvas). Here is the resemblance of the object dearest of all others to my heart. Be favourable in your sentence, for the happiness of my whole life depends on this important moment."

The idea that her own happiness centered in it also, stole the rose from her cheek. "You make me fearful, (said she, pushing it from her);—take it away—I will not see it."

"Ah! no—(said he, replacing it)—since my fate is thus far advanced to its crisis, let it be decided at once—human nature cannot support a repetition of the agonising suspense I now feel."

With trembling fingers she took hold of the edge of the piece, and drew it fearfully a little forward, dreading, yet longing for the formidable view. "I protest, (said she), Gordini, you have been so very serious in this trifling business, that I am really extremely terrified at the idea of looking this mistress of yours in the face."

"Your terrors, (said he, as if he panted for breath), cannot be greater than mine."

"How truly ridiculous are these terrors! (said she, again attempting to draw it forward, then stopping). You have absolutely infected me with your apprehensions."—— Then again trying, she had a glimpse of the face. All caution in that moment forsook her; she eagerly snatched it from its envelopement, gazed in an ecstasy on the well known features, and then turned her daz- zlingly radiant eyes on her adorer, who was sunk on his knees at her feet.

She gave him her hand to raise him from the floor, which he pressed in rapture to his lips—"Can you pardon my presumption?" he cried.

"*Can I!*—Ah, Gordini! I fear my folly has rendered the question unnecessary. Yet weak, as is my heart, I must not forget what is due to my family, to my mother, to my vow. No, Gordini, much as I confess I love—for why should I affect to conceal what is too evident?—and greatly as I think you worthy affection, I must ever remember there are circumstances inherent in us both, which forbid the indulgence of

so

so improper a passion. It is your misfortune not to be placed in a station equivalent to your merit: it is mine to be inextricably entangled in the consequences of a vow, rash as Jephtha's; we must separate then, my dear friend, for——."

"Never, my angel! (he cried, eagerly interrupting her)—Never will we separate. Know me most charming of women, for what I really am—in birth not unworthy your own; and the only person in the universe who can extricate you from the obligations of that sanguinary vow."

He paused. She looked upon him with eyes in which he read, that she rather *wished* to believe, than actually credit what he said. "You see before you, (he resumed), that Calliades, whom your father, with his last breath, nominated your husband."

"Calliades! Gracious Heaven!"—She would have sunk to the floor had he not thrown about her his supporting arms. Her head sunk on his bosom, and he gave indulgence to the fond transports of his soul, by clasping her ardently to his heart, and pressing with his lips her snowy forehead.——

—How transient are the moments of bliss! Too absorbed to notice the opening door, the eyes of Euryclea, and her fell companion, were blasted by the scene.

In a voice scarcely articulate from passion, the enraged mother commanded some slaves, which, by the advice of Laura, she had brought with her, to seize the artist; bind his hands, and carry him to the prison of the castle.

Her orders were obeyed, notwithstanding the resistance of Calliades; and what a transition did the agonised soul of Hermione undergo in the rapid whirl of one short minute. Her mother, with eyes flaming, with limbs trembling, with excess of passion, and in a voice hoarse and dissonant with rage, exhausted upon her every invective of which she was mistress, every epithet of reproach of which the language was capable; till the agitated and harrassed spirits of her daughter sunk into a deep swoon.

Then the intemperate passions of this violent woman took another turn, and believing she had destroyed her daughter, she turned the phrenzy of her rage on herself. But Hermione reviving to life, her mother's fury re-

turned

turned with her perception of it; again she gave that fury unchecked reign—again Hermione fainted, and again her remorse returned.

It was doubtful how long this scene would have continued, and the senses if not the life of Hermione must have been the victim of sensations so violent and so excruciating, had not Apfilia, hearing some vague rumours among the servants, ran to the pleasure-house with two or three women attendants, where shocked at the deplorable state to which her charming charge was reduced, conveyed her thence to her own chamber; where the soothing tenderness of the foster-mother repaired in part the mischiefs the natural parent had effected: Hermione was restored to herself, poured unrestrained her tears on the fond bosom on which she leaned, and eased her full and oppressed heart by an unlimited confidence.

The turbulence of Euryclea's passions had by this time as much exhausted her own strength as the patience of those about her. Laura, the most attentive of attendants, brought cordial medicines, and whilst she pretended

pretended to sooth her sorrows, poured oil on the almost expiring flame, and moulded her to her own malignant purpose.

The mind of Euryclea was naturally good; she was eminently pious, undeviating in the practice of every moral duty; but her temper was highly inflammable, her passions strong and impetuous, and her reason too often was constrained to bow to their imperious controul.

Such a character was perpetually shewing itself, and the artful Laura saw the advantages it gave her. She talked in a strain of such rigid piety, such fastidious morality, as placed her high in the estimation of a person, who, herself incapable of deceit, was by no means suspicious of it in others, and who was before inclined to be partial to her, for the *disinterested* concern she had so recently evinced for the *real* interests of the family.

Laura then lamented pathetically the unfortunate predilection of Hermione for a plebeian adventurer, which would not only disgrace her with the world, an idea extremely painful doublets to a mother, but would also—and she protested her blood chilled at the thought—

thought—by inciting her to perjury, drew upon her the vengeance of the offended Deity, and involve her in everlasting misery ; on the images of which she dwelled so long, and painted them so vividly, that she filled with horror. Euryclea with a wild look demanded what was to preserve her child from these dreadful sufferings ?

She was answered, that desperate diseases called for desperate remedies ; and all expedients were lawful, which were necessary, to save a soul from everlasting torments. That was the painter suffered to escape—and on the vigilance of servants, devoted to Hermione, no dependance could be placed—the dreadful event was inevitable. It therefore, she said followed, that it was the *indispensible* duty of Euryclea, both as a *mother* and a *christian*, as she regarded her daughter's happiness both *here* and *hereafter*, to take singular care that Gordini *never* regained the opportunity of tempting Hermione to her utter destruction.

At length, for the detail of this discourse would be tedious and disgusting, this Italian

fiend, under the semblance of an angel of light, had the address to procure for herself the care of the prisoner. The key of the tower was delivered to her, with the most positive orders, that no one else should approach him, and to her was consigned his fate: for if she found his death necessary, to secure him from effecting the eternal wretchedness of Hermione, she had warrant to procure that death, at what time and in what manner she saw proper.

Does the tender mind shudder at the lengths the infatuated Euryclea was taught to run? Let that mind take warning by it, and beware the *beginnings* of sin: for whenever passion takes the rein, and, however justifiable *appears* the incentive, o'er leaps the boundaries of religion and right reason, it is not in human nature to say to the maddening courser, deaf as the sea in its fury, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

Exulting in a commission so congenial with her diabolical wishes, Laura was tempted to make immediate use of it, and instantly to gratify her revenge, lest some chance should

should rob her of her power. The moment, therefore, that she could decently leave her patroness, she hurried to the tower to where Calliades was imprisoned, with a dagger concealed in her robe.

"What, my charming forcerer in fetters? (said she, as she entered). Where are all your aërial attendants? Do they, like earthly friends, desert the unfortunate? I thought to have met thee borne triumphantly on their wings, rescued from thy prison, and conveying to a place of safety."

To this nonsense he disdained reply. "What, no answer? (she cried), I thought I had taught thee by this time the impolicy of flighting a woman of spirit."

"You taught me?"

"Yes, *I* my friend. My penetration did indeed discover the enslaver of your heart: I carried the important intelligence to Euryclea; and to me she has not only entrusted the custody of your sweet person, but has also confided in me your destiny.—See this dagger——"

"Strike then, you cannot wound me deeper."

"Has

"Has life no charms?"

"None."

"Not with your Hermione?"

"Pollute not the sacred name with thy unhallowed lips."

"Not when she weeps and swoons?"

"And *does* she weep and swoon? Wretch that I am to fill that heart with grief, which but for me had never known sorrow! Yes, thou—what shall I call thee? Not *woman*; that implies softness, gentleness, compassion. Life with Hermione were indeed precious; but deprived of her I welcome thy dagger. Strike. What fearest thou? To compassion thou art insensible; and thy crimes have ascended their climax: it is not a greater sin to deprive another of life, than to rob him of those joys which make it life to live. Strike, my hands are manacled, and cannot resist the ignoble death."

Laura felt in the moment she lifted the dagger, her anger had not entirely subdued her love, and her heart recoiled when she attempted the fatal blow. "No, (said she), as instant death is so welcome, I will punish thee a little longer with life, that I may pro-

long

long the gratification of my revenge, by tormenting thee with the sorrows of thy soft and tender-hearted mistress, and behold thee drooping with grief and hunger gradually into the grave."

"Ingenious fiend! Let not my torments have the additional curse of thy presence, and I will endure them patiently."

"Thou shalt repent this, Gordini."

"Never!—Hence, monster, let me see thy baleful eyes no more." The furies, which love had for a moment suspended, were restored with additional malignance to the breast of Laura. She shut the door of the tower, with a violence that shook the battlements of the castle; turned the rusty bolts that grated harshly, in reluctant obedience to the key, and flew to her own house, where she wept profusely, that in gratifying her revenge, she had not found pleasure but torment. Feeling herself unequal to striking his manly breast with a poignard, poison occurred to her; and ever ingenious in mischief, she immediately prepared a potent potion, which she
careful

careful poured into a crystal vase, and deposited in her closet, till she could administer it.

In the interim, the victim of her malice was contemplating the miseries into which his unfortunate passion had plunged the beautiful Hermione. Impatient for liberty, that he might seek some method of alleviating her sorrows, he looked round the walls which enclosed him—they were of stone, thick and strong; both the door and floor cased with iron, and the window, an aperture through the solid building, so narrow as not to admit a small hand. But even had any mode of escape presented, his manacled hands precluded the profiting by it. A night of utter darkness came on. No straw was brought for his couch, no water to moisten his parched lips: he seated himself on the floor, leaned his head against the wall, and enjoyed till morning that quietude of repose denied his persecutors.

Though equally innocent, the night of poor Hermione was not so serene. Apfelia had promised she would see and console the prisoner;

prisoner; what then was the disappointment of her fair charge, when they found the whole power delegated to Laura; sinking under the accumulated weight of her lover's misfortunes, and her mother's displeasure, sleep that sad night was a stranger to the humid eyes of Hermione.

CHAP. XXXIII.

IN the morning, from that pillow which a guilty conscience and a criminal passion had strewed with thorns, Laura sprang; her spirits exhilarated with the fiend-like reflection, that though she could not enjoy happiness herself, she had it completely in her power to insure the wretchedness of others.

She poured into a silver cup the fatal portion she had the preceding evening mixed, and as she did it informed her husband and maid, that it was a cordial of sovereign efficacy, which she had in compassion prepared for the prisoner, whom the vindictive spirit of Euryclea treated with a severity that pierced her very soul.

Banardo, who never ceased deploring the fate of Calliades, and little suspected the share his wife had in it, commended in high terms this instance of the tenderness of her disposition, and was hastening her on her

pious

ious errand, as he called it, when a servant entered, to inform her that Euryclea required her instant presence. She gave the cup to the maid, with reiterated charges of not touching a drop, and placing it in safety till her return, and then obeyed the summons.

Just as Laura entered the great hall from the garden, she saw a knight enter at the opposite door from the court, a servant following him, bearing on his head a small chest, and the knight desired Euryclea might be informed, that he requested the honour of seeing her immediately upon business of the first importance. The curiosity of Laura was strongly excited, and she waited to see the result of the interview.

In a few moments Euryclea appeared. She started on seeing the knight. "Lyfias!" she exclaimed, with an air of astonishment.

"Yes, madam," he answered, Lyfias once more presumes to approach you, since he has fortunately revenged your wrongs, and is happily enabled to present you the head and hand of the treacherous Calliades. Set down the chest Lico, and open it.

Lico

Lico obeyed. Lyfias took thence a head, ghastly, and bleeding; "Behold, (said he, madam), the head which plotted, and the hand which effected the death of your loved lord, the noble, the inestimable Melitus."

"Noble Lyfias! (she cried, in a transport of joy, gazing on the bleeding head with savage delight), most welcome art thou, and thy present."

"And may I presume to hope, madam, you will not deny me the meed of victory—your beauteous daughter?"

Deny thee! Oh! no. She cast her eyes on Laura, expecting her congratulations. "How fortunate this event! (whispered in her ear the Italian demon) by the *immediate* marriage of your daughter to this knight; and I assure you from *certain* knowledge, not a *moment* is to be lost, by the *immediate* union you snatch her from utter destruction."

"My best and wisest friend!" exclaimed Euryclea, with a look of gratitude. "Fly to Hermione, (said she to a slave), tell her I must see her this moment, but on thy life disclose not the reason."

Hermione,

Hermione, who knew how ill her mother brooked delay, instantly obeyed, not without hope returning tenderness had dictated the hasty summons. Euryclea met her at the door. She snatched her hand, and hurried her to the chest. "There (said she), there my daughter, lie the head and hand of the traitor Calliades."

Hermione fixed her affrighted eye on the ghastly relics, and her mother indulged for a moment the motionless gaze; then dragging her from these objects of horror towards Lyfias, "And here is the brave knight (she added), that has atchieved the noble deed, and is for his reward instantly to become thy husband. On thy duty to me, and thy regard to the memory of thy father, I charge thee to receive him as such."

Hermione lifted up her glazed eyes; saw the hands of Lyfias bloody with presenting his sanguinary gift to Euryclea—Not doubting but that he was the recent murderer of her imprisoned lover, which some chance had discovered, she gave a shriek of mingled horror and terror, and fell to the ground.

"Carry

“ Carry her to her apartment, (cried Euryclea to Apfilia, who that moment appeared). She will soon recover: and then be it your care to prepare her for her nuptials to-morrow, which inform her from me, no pretence whatever, either of foolish repugnance, or even sickness shall prevent. For to-morrow, *if she is living*, she shall, in consequence of her vow and my own so often repeated, become the wife of him who hath slain Calliades. *Nothing shall shake my resolution.*” She repeated the same determination to the transported Lysias; and then hastily left him to give orders for immediately making preparations for the feast and solemnity, and to dispatch messengers to all her friends, many of whom lived at Nicosia, to request their presence on the occasion.

Frightened with the intelligence of the preceding circumstances, which she justly deemed more baleful than the prepared potion, Laura hastily ran up to the tower where Calliades was imprisoned; and bursting open the door, communicated it to him, in that abrupt manner which she knew would give it the fullest effect. He heard her with an astonishment

ishment that precluded all power of articulation, and afforded her ample leisure to enjoy with infernal transport the agonies of his soul, to prolong her delight by heightening his pain into excruciating excess. She described minutely the recent scene, and dwelt with peculiar energy on the immoveable determination of Euryclea to wed her daughter on the morrow to Lyfias.

Calliades heaved many a heavy and long-drawn sigh. "Peace, fiend, (at last he cried) torment me no more. Be content with having rendered me the most wretched of human beings—with knowing that my cup of misery is full to the brim, and that I have nothing left me but to die. Your dagger will be less lacerating than your words—produce it; and if you suspect your hand too feeble for the blow, I will assist its salutary purpose."

The paleness of his cheek, the gloom of his brow, the tear which trembled in his eye, were affecting, and the Italian beheld him with remorse. She approached him. He flung from her, and threw himself on the floor. She attempted to soothe him, as he lay

lay with his forehead on his manacled hands. He heard her without reply. Her expressions became every moment more tender; at length he jumped up, "Peace (said he), Laura, talk not of love, for you know it but by name. Instead of drawing me towards you by the soft ligatures of the heart, you force upon me these fetters. Instead of calling in aid of your native loveliness the irresistible feminine graces of gentleness, compassion, sweetness, you divest yourself of every softer charm, and repel me by the Gorgon head of a fury."

"Ah, Gordini! teach me to win your heart."

"It is by no means obdurate, Laura.—It was alas! too sensible to your attractions: and I greatly fear if you had possessed a little patience—I fear—But now I thank you, that the misery of my destiny has this alleviation, I have been no traitor in my love."

"Ah, Gordini! still, still bless me with your love."

"What in this prison, in which *you* have confined me? In these fetters, which *you* have imposed? Impossible."—"Ah! (con-

tinued

tinued he, looking tenderly on her), thou art charming—divinely lovely; we might have been reciprocally blest—but that time is flown for ever.”

“ What if I free thee?”—“ You would be unwilling to trust to my gratitude.”

“ Say that I may.”—“ If you liberate me *immediately*. This prison is become insupportable—I can endure it no longer.”

“ *Immediately* I cannot; for Euryclea, by some of the servants, whose apartments we must necessarily pass, would quickly be informed of it, and sacrifice us both to her ungoverned fury. But if you have patience to wait till evening, I will then set you free, and will now fly to bring you some refreshments.”

She was as good as her word; but knowing that Euryclea had inquired after her, she could not remain with him a moment, but hurried to assist her patroness in those preparations which had put the whole castle in commotion, and employed every servant and slave in it; nor was she deficient in those insinuations which inflamed the passions of Euryclea, and preserved her inflexible in her

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resolution. For though Laura exulted in the change of Calliades, she by no means thought herself secure till Hermione was by marriage irrevocably separated from him.

But no sooner was it dark, and the bustle of the mansion somewhat subsided, than she stole up to the tower, unlocked the prison door with as little noise as possible, and with light and cautious steps conveyed Calliades out of the castle to the pleasure-house.

But as she was proceeding with him to the apartment he had before occupied, Banardo approached with a light. His joy was excessive on finding the young magician at liberty; and he loaded him with congratulations, and his wife with panegyric, for having effected his freedom. Laura was not so well satisfied with this rencontre, which obliged her to take leave of Calliades for the night, but not till he had made her promise to bring early in the morning that Lico to him, who she had before informed him was the servant of Lysias, and the bearer of the important chest, with whom Calliades pretended some urgent business; and this she the more readily promised, as she reflected,
that

that should the escape be discovered by the interview, Euryclea would have no reason for imprisoning the artist after her daughter was secured from him by marriage; and she trusted to the influence she had over her, and her own ingenuity to colour over her having previously liberated him.

Ere the business of this day is closed, let us make a short visit to Hermione, whom Apfilia had with every tender precaution acquainted with her mother's determination; and by every argument which good sense and piety could suggest, sought to reconcile to that destiny which she saw no possibility of averting.

The weeping daughter of Melitus could answer only by her sighs. Her grief for the supposed death of her lover, and her horror at the idea of wedding his murderer, were both too excessive even for complaint. Her tears incessantly streamed, till their source seemed exhausted: and if at length she grew more calm, the quietude originated not in alleviated sorrow, but in the languor of debility.

“ I have been thinking, (said she, after a long silence), by what a nice and imperceptible line virtue and vice are divided; and how difficult it is to distinguish where the extreme of one fades into the beginning of the other. My mother's excess of conjugal affection, her ardent abhorrence of all deceit, have precipitated her into a vindictive conduct incompatible with the meek spirit of Christianity, whose first precept is forgiveness of injuries. And I have suffered by an excess in the performance of my filial duties to encroach on my religious ones; and by an implicit obedience to the will of my parent, disobeyed the commands of my God. I am punished my dearest Panamara, (a tender epithet, which signifies second mother), and I deserve it. I bow to the divine *Retributor*, and will humble myself to his decrees. That will that I obeyed to sin, I am called upon to obey to its consequent misery. Be it so. The love of man shall now bend in obedience to her, as did before the love of God. As I with a criminal cowardice, fearing her displeasure more than that of my Creator, acquiesced in her vow, though conscious it was
sinful;

sinful; so now, that she demands from me, in consequence of that criminal compliance, an obedience agonising, but not sinful, I will also acquiesce. Assist me, thou dearest of women, in this arduous task. Strengthen my resolution to go through the ceremony, so that my mother may not be tortured with the knowledge how fatally she has wounded me. And then, my dearest Panamara, ardently, incessantly pray, that ere I am lifted as a bride over the threshold of that man's house, I may be released from this wretched existence. Promise, best and most beloved of women, this shall be thy petition at the throne of mercy, and I shall be comforted; for the prayers of so pious a mind will not be disregarded: and the pangs of the most agonising death were transports of pleasure to living as a wife with the murderer of Calliades."

CHAP. XXXIV.

EURYCLEA, whose perturbed spirit would neither allow rest to herself nor others, on that important morning, whose approach was awaited by so many people with such opposite sensations of terror, hope, joy, rose early from a short repose to which she had late retired, to accelerate with impatient haste the preparations for the nuptial festival.

The head and hand which Lysias had presented, were placed on pikes on each side the principal gate of the castle, as trophies of victory, and objects of pleasure; and also, as Euryclea added, to afford a feast to the birds of prey, that no living thing might on that joyous day pass the castle ungratified.

The company soon began to arrive from all quarters, among whom was the mother of Theramanes, and also Theramanes himself, who had arrived the preceding evening from Rhodes,

Rhodes, and whose curiosity had led him to accept this hasty invitation, though lamenting the fate of his friend. Shuddering with horror when he passed the gates, and was informed to whom had belonged its bloody ornaments, his eye dwelt not a moment upon them; but with averted face he hurried into the castle, to conceal emotions he was unable to repress.

With spirits still more perturbed than those of Euryclea did Calliades impatiently wait the procrastinated visit of Lico, who, assisting in attiring his master for the nuptials, did not go to the pleasure-house till some hours after he was expected.

At length our Cypriot saw Laura conducting a man towards his apartment, and heard him say as he entered, "I long to see this Gordini, this painter, with whom you assure me I had formerly dealings, for I recollect no one of that name."

"Dost thou recollect me now? (cried Calliades, flying towards him, and seizing hold of his arm). Villain, confess, where is the letter which the dying Melitus gave into

thy custody?—Heaven and earth!—Is it possible!—can Timotheus be Lico?"

The head of this arch villain dropped upon his bosom. Shame, terror, astonishment agitated his whole frame. "My master living!" he faintly exclaimed.—"Yes, wretch, (Calliades cried), thy master is alive—miraculously preserved from the raging ocean for thy confusion, and that of thy lord Lyfias. Confess, villain, where is the letter? or this dagger shall search for it in thy soul."

"I will, Sir, (said the trembling wretch, sinking on his knees), I will confess the whole. No violence is necessary to incline me to do you justice. Your goodness, had not shame withheld me, had impelled me to it long ago. Nor would I have joined in this last deception, had I not thought these eyes had seen you perish. Here are the letters, which I put in my bosom this morning, to evince to Lyfias how much he was in my power; and hasten, Sir, to the castle, lest your presence there be too late; for I know not whether the procession is not already set forward."

Calliades

Calliades, still having hold of Lico, hurried to the castle, to unravel this web of iniquity ere it had irremediably entangled the beautiful Hermione. Laura followed, who had been an astonished, though silent spectator of the scene, and whose curiosity was excited to witness something strange, though she had not the most distant idea of what it should be, and forgot in that moment the impropriety of Calliades appearing in the castle at liberty.

They entered without ceremony the great hall, where all the company was assembled, and marshalling in order for the procession; the distress of Hermione concealed under the long saffron veil which covered her from head to foot. The torch was lighted, and the lyre was tuning to begin the hymeneal song, and lead the way to the church; for the Grecian islands preserve many of the forms of Paganism, amidst the rights of Christianity.

Theramanes was the first who saw our hero. "By St. Paul, (said he aloud) here is the ghost of Calliades coming to reclaim his head from the bridegroom."

The bride, lifting up her weeping eyes, saw that it was indeed Calliades, and in mingled sensations of delight that he was alive, and apprehensions of the consequences of his appearance, sunk fainting into the arms of the bridemaids nearest her. Euryclea saw only the painter, and, surprised at his being at liberty, darted a look of angry inquiry on Laura. Lyfias, transfixed as with a thunderbolt, stood motionless.

“ No, my dear friend, (answered our hero, in a voice which reached the ears of all); No, it is not the ghost of Calliades, but Calliades himself who appears, to disprove in this honourable assembly the slanderous assertions of this false knight, and disclose his impostures. “ Pardon, Madam, (said he to Euryclea, who turned shuddering from him when he announced himself); pardon my approaching you so abruptly, and avert not your eyes with such horror from me, for I will instantly demonstrate I am not the assassin of the noble Melitus, but the man whom, in his last moments, he, of his own free and unsolicited choice, nominated as the husband of your angelic daughter. Stand forth, Lico,
and

and as thou shalt answer at the tribunal of the most High, in the last great day of judgement, I conjure thee now to inform this august assembly of the real and true circumstances of which thou and this knight were witnesses of the death of Melitus. Lyfias, (he added, laying hold of him), you I must secure, that you may in due time either corroborate or disprove the evidence of Lico; and I wish I could with as much ease, Madam, ascertain the *real* murderer of your noble husband, as I can clear my own tarnished fame from the imputation."

"Sir, (said Lico, who had now regained his usual confidence, which was much accelerated by seeing Lyfias in safe custody, for Theramanes took him in charge for his friend), I think myself happy in being enabled to do both; and will not only undertake to exculpate you from the unmerited calumny, but also to point out the *real* murderer. Ah! (continued he, looking with malicious archness on Lyfias), you little imagined, Sir Knight, how deep I was in your secrets; or that the black deed had other witnesses than God, and your own conscience. *There,*

Madam, in *that* man, in *him* see the murderer of the noble Melitus; (pointing to Lyfias; the colour of whose cheek, which had deserted it on the appearance of Calliades, returning with heightened glow, as if by its crimson suffusion to veil his shame, whilst his head seemed to seek refuge from it, by sinking on his bosom). I saw him (continued Lico), these eyes beheld him, in the hurry and confusion of the battle, slide behind his patron, and run him through with a lance."

A cry of horror resounded through the hall; and Euryclea, with the impetuosity of her character, ordered her slaves to carry him to instant death. Calliades became his advocate. "Support his presence, (said he, my dear Madam), a short time longer. I myself was condemned unheard, and far be it from me to follow an example I had so much reason to censure. Attend with your friends to Lico's narrative; weigh well his evidence; for I must observe, that a man once detected in a falsehood, is ever after to be suspected; and I desire not to be exculpated,

pated, nor to have Lyfias condemned, but, upon the fullest conviction. When the facts are all before you, judge for yourself, and allow Lyfias to disprove them if he can."

The candour and generosity of this advice received unanimous applause. Euryclean acquiesced with a smile bordering on satisfaction, and desired Lico to proceed.

"Revered lady, (said he, respectfully approaching her), I implore your pardon, for having before abused your confidence in my integrity by so false a tale. But the liberal promises of Lyfias operating upon my avarice, and meeting no opposition from any moral or religious principle, of which I confess with shame I was then utterly destitute, induced me to fabricate it. A painful and tedious illness, when I lay long under the terrors of approaching death, first opened my eyes to the atrociousness of my conduct, and gave me a new heart. I now sincerely repent my wickedness; and if a free confession of my crimes can in any manner repair the mischiefs they have effected, it will afford some alleviation to the pangs of my conscience.

science. And I take that great Being to witness, who sees my thoughts, and hears my words, and before whose dread tribunal I must answer for both, that in the story I am now going to relate, I will speak nothing but the simplest and most precise truths."

He then began, and continued his recital from the wounding of Melitus, till the arrival of his corpse at Idalia. " But, (said he) the vow of his noble widow rendered all our schemes abortive. And as Lyfias was conscious he had neither courage nor abilities to cope with the gallant Calliades in fair combat, when that young hero left Cyprus with the queen, our hopes rested on privately assassinating him. I was too much interested in this plan not to embark eagerly in it; and finding Lyfias, with the blackest heart for contriving, but the most cowardly one for executing mischief, I consented that he should lie perdue in the island of Melos, whilst I privately followed Calliades in disguise, and watched an opportunity of destroying him."

" But if I once doubted the existence of a Being, who on high watches the actions of men;

men; whose providence protects some, and punishes others, as it sees fit: who, by a thousand imperceptible adjustments, which we call chance and accident, preserves from injury the virtuous man, when environed by all the dangers into which a plotting enemy hath led him, and who precipitates the exulting villain into unexpected misery at the moment, when in fancied security, he bids defiance to fortune. If I before questioned the existence of such an over-ruling and directing power, I have now the firmest belief of it; for many and well laid were my plans for the destruction of the son of Thrasyllus: but when I thought he was so entangled in my fine-spun schemes, that his fate was irremediable, some chance, some accident, some circumstance unthought of, without any effort of his own—for he was devoid of suspicion—broke the web which was wound round him, freed him from the hidden snare, and the premeditated mischief generally recoiled on my own head. At Rome I assaulted him amidst some ruins, and was myself so desperately wounded, that I was rendered for a long time incapable of following him. In
 Portugal

Portugal I planned his death, and had it not been for his generosity, had there met my own. He caused those wounds to be healed that were acquired by attacks on his life: he took me from a state where I was dying with want, and little thought the noble Cypriot, when he cherished me with so much benevolence, that he was warming in his bosom a serpent, that would give the first proof of its regained strength by an effort to sting him to death. For in Castile, by some unpremeditated wonder, I yet know not how, he escaped assassination from a causeless jealousy I had awakened against him; and in Biscay I killed another person believing it to be him: there his benevolence saved him, for he had quitted his chamber to accommodate a sick man. Cursing his unceasing good fortune, and my perpetual disappointment, we arrived in France, where that illness seizing me I before-mentioned, frustrated my plans, and gave me leisure to revolve them and my past conduct. My own reflections, the fear of death, and the pious exhortations of my confessor, determined

terminated me to pursue a different path, should life be lent me. I was but just recovered when we set sail for Cyprus.

“ Nothing could exceed the tender benevolence of the noble Calliades, to my unworthy self, from the first moment that my good angel conducted him to the hut where I was perishing in Portugal, but never, till sickness awakened my sleeping conscience, did I feel any compunction for my ungrateful requital. In our voyage to Cyprus, my remorse rendered me miserable: I was a thousand times upon the point of throwing myself at his feet, and confessing my crimes, but shame tied my tongue. At length a storm overtook us, the violence of which nothing could exceed but the tempest of terrors which shook my dastard soul.

“ My injured master, with a kindness that tortured every fibre of my heart, provided for my safety; but I suffered all the horror of seeing him, as I thought, perish, whilst I, abominable creature, was preserved; and I dared to arraign the justice of Heaven on the event. I was taken up by some fishermen,

men, half dead. Not having the most distant idea but that the noble Calliades was drowned, and could be no farther injured by the success of Lysias, on whose fortune my subsistence now entirely depended, I hastened to Melos, where he had all this time resided, and to whom from time to time, as ships sailed to the Levant, I had given accounts of my adventures, and had received answers of encouragement to persist, and promises of liberal rewards: which letters I have carefully preserved. I had even the good fortune to save them from the shipwreck, by binding them round me; and as corroboratives of the truth of my story, I will soon shew them. Not apprehending any farther injury to Calliades, I repeat, whose death I thought I had myself witnessed, and the manner of it no mortal could disprove, I so far forgot my vows of a holy life, as, from the hopes of securing myself a competence on which to subsist, to join with Lysias in one more deception, though my heart recoiled at the cruelty by which it was effected: for he purchased a young man for
a slave,

a slave, the colour of whose hair, eyes, and complexion, somewhat resembled those of the son of Thrasyllus, and then privately murdering him, severed from him his head and hand: such was that fabulous victory, Madam, the trophies of which the sun-beams now blacken at your gates. Here, Madam, are two letters, one from your noble husband, wrote a few minutes before his death, and which, with his expiring breath, he charged me to deliver into your hands, as containing his last desires; and this from his generous host, with the like commission. I saved them from the flames, that, by having Lyfias always in my power, I might make the greater advantage of him."

Euryclea wept over the distorted characters traced by the trembling hand of her dying husband, but which still so much resembled his usual writing, that she was convinced it was his. She looked towards Calliades; he approached her. She tenderly embraced him as a long-lost son.—
 "Can you forgive me?" was all she could articulate. His transports of pleasure formed
 ed

ed his answer ; which was heightened into ecstasy when she joined his hand with that of her daughter. They sunk at her feet to receive the maternal benediction, which was never given with more energy.

The hall rung with the applausive voices of the assembly ; whilst Laura, tortured to madness at the catastrophe, flew to her own house, and the moment she reached it fainted in the arms of her affrightened husband, who expressing himself at a loss for means to recover her, the maid reminded him of the cordial which had been given to her care, with so many encomiums on its sovereign efficacy ; he ordered her to bring it to him, and they gave it upon her shewing the first symptoms of sensation.

But she was no sooner perfectly recovered, but seeing the empty cup, the unhappy woman suspected what had befallen, and was soon convinced her fears were just. Horror unutterable seized her guilty soul, conscious that it was on the wing to receive the sad retribution of intentional, as well as actual crimes. All concealments were now at an
end.

end. Banardo gasped with terror at her guilty tale. He extended to her the pardon she implored. The agitation of her mind hastened the effect of the deleterious draught, and in an hour she expired in convulsive agonies.

What a far different scene did innocence triumphant over its enemies afford! Euryclea was now as impatient for her daughter's marriage with Calliades, as she had been before with Lyfias. "My friends are assembled, (she cried) the bride is properly attired; the nuptial torch is lighted, which it would be ominous to extinguish; Lyrift, begin the hymeneal song, and lead to church. No coy objections, Hermione, *I am determined.*"

A determination which accelerated happiness, who could wish to see changed? not one of this fair assembly. The procession set forward, the priest was in waiting. The happy pair were soon united in the filken bands of Hymen. Lyfias suffered the punishment due to such an accumulation of crimes. His death obliterated his misdeeds

in

in the generous minds of those he had injured, and gratitude to Heaven suppressed all resentment against the most worthless of its instruments.

FINIS.

E R R A T A.

- Page 17, line 2, for 'convenes' r. 'converses.'
 — 18, — 1, for 'an' r. 'un.'
 — 52, — 16, for 'towns' r. 'town.'
 — 75, — 1, for ; r. ,
 — — 4, for , r. :
 — — 7, for . r. ;
 — 77, — 12, after rites insert ,
 — — 17, for 'conscience' r. 'which'.
 — 132, last line, for 'clouds around' r. 'clouds; around.'
 — 179, — 17, for 'rings' r. 'things.'
 — 189, — 23, for 'pulsations' r. 'pulsations.'
 — 218, — 8, for 'exiled' r. 'excited.'
 — 226, — 3, for 'ablation,' r. 'ablution.'
 — 231, — 1, for 'let' r. 'bet.'
 — 234, — 22, for 'guardian' r. 'gordian.'
 — 240, — 1 and 5, for 'canvas' r. 'boards.'
 — 251, — 1, for 'drew' r. 'draw.'
 — — 5, dele 'the.'
 — — 6, dele .
 — 262, — 19, for 'frightened' r. 'freighted.'

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